Pacific School of

The Universalist Leader

Boston March 29, 1924 Chicago

THE LARIAT TRAIL UP LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN

With article on page 6

The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819 to 1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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—*From an Editorial in the Leader.*

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176 NEWBURY STREET, BOSTON

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3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
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5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the above principles be professed

Editorial

SAMUEL A. ELIOT ON CHRISTIANITY

SPEAKING at Keith's Theater in the noon-day Lenten service, Dr. Samuel A. Eliot, president of the American Unitarian Association, emphasized the heart side of Christianity. "In some circles, it is taken to mean a belief," he said, "intellectual assent to somebody's else authoritative opinion."

"In other circles," he went on, "we are accustomed to say that it is primarily a life—a matter of character, public-spirited service, private benevolence. Both definitions are inadequate."

Dr. Eliot then pointed out that Christianity includes belief and good works, but at root it is "a spiritual sensibility," and that "faith and good works are the flowers that spring from that root."

"Partly an affair of the head, partly an affair of the hands, Christianity is fundamentally a thing of the heart, of deep and true feeling."

In his own life, Dr. Eliot has been fortunate in having constantly before his eyes a father whom both Orthodox and Liberal Christians unite in declaring to be "one of the most religious men they ever knew."

It is one of the most pathetic and tragic things of American history that outside of New England, and sometimes in New England, Unitarians are not recognized at their true worth. A man like President Eliot becomes "our first citizen" in spite of his Church. The Church is not given a fair appraisal.

President Eliot and his distinguished son have been great apostles of true Christianity.

So have the great body of Unitarian Christians.

* *

A GREAT TEST OF FELLOWSHIP

PREACHING at Trinity Church, Boston, in Phillips Brooks' old pulpit, Dean Willard L. Sperry of the Harvard Theological School brought out a truth on the Parable of the Good Samaritan not usually emphasized: "The Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans." Nothing was expected of the man of the despised race.

To-day the Samaritan is in the accepted circle. We take his name "for a thousand charities and philanthropies the world over." In the time of Jesus Samaritan to the Jew meant more or less what we mean by "outcast," "infidel," or "heretic," or "non-evangelical."

"Nothing," says Dean Sperry, "is more characteristic of Jesus than his determination to include within the circle he was drawing many unlikely and unpromising persons whom his disciples would have preferred to pass by."

"The time we waste trying to decide precisely with whom we may appropriately keep Christian company," on "questions of boundaries," all these were considered in a sermon as notable in itself as the circumstances of its delivery. Dean Sperry, Congregationalist, preached for a week at Lenten services in the historic Episcopal pulpit.

He called on his fellow churchmen everywhere to put to a test of a truly Catholic fellowship "doing Christ's work for men."

In this issue we publish an abstract of this notable utterance.

* *

OVER SIX THOUSAND NEW SUBSCRIBERS

WE trust that six thousand new subscribers means thirty thousand new readers. Don't let the paper fail in its mission. Give it to some one else after you read it. Make it do the work for which it is intended.

No new three-months subscriber incurs any obligation by accepting the paper. Your pastor, or board of trustees, or some public-spirited man in your church, is paying one-half of the bill, and Dr. Lowe and the Christ Crusade are paying the other half.

You were picked out to receive it as one interested in what we are doing, and whom it is important to keep informed of the march of denominational events. We welcome you to the family. We want you to like us and to stay with us. We are going to make the *Universalist Leader* the best *Leader* in our power. Will you help us?

* *

IN BEHALF OF BOYS AND CROWS

WE have a word to say for the crow. We have known him for many years. We grew up where we could see scarecrows, and once in a while even a dead crow hung by the neck dangling in the wind like a malefactor on Gallows Hill. We have often heard allegations reflecting on his honesty. But always we have had a tender spot in our hearts for him. With the little toll of grain he collects, a wise man told us years ago, he takes innumerable bugs

and worms and other pests which destroy the crops. Scientists of the Agricultural Department bear that out to-day. We still like to hear his warning caw by the seashore, in the deep woods, and even now and then in the heart of great cities.

Over Washington the crows have flown for years in great battalions, in the morning to their work, gleaning a living on the mud flats of the Potomac, in the evening to the rookery, where from all directions they assemble for the night.

No eye more bright, no bird intelligence more keen, no industry more unremitting, than the crow's!

The economic views of crows may be a little questionable, but their theology is orthodox. "Their Heavenly Father feedeth them." They are "laborers with God."

Our own struggles to get our economic views straight give us a fellow feeling for the crow.

Now comes the E. I. du Pont de Nemours Powder Company offering a prize of $2,500 for the one who will kill the most crows, urging the small boys of the country out with shotguns to exterminate them, giving sanction to what is bound to be a more or less indiscriminate slaughter of the wild birds.

If we had no feeling whatever for the crows, our feeling for the boys would rouse us to opposition.

All that the schools have been doing to create kindly feeling for the birds, to instil responsibility for the preservation of wild life and a love for God's creatures great and small, is placed in jeopardy by this brutal contest.

If further investigation proves that crows have to be killed let it be done by grown men when nobody is around. Our preference is for the dark of the moon.

It is a good time now to read aloud in our Sunday schools and perhaps in our pulpits "The Birds of Killingworth," from Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn," and follow it up with the statements issued on this subject by Dr. Wm. T. Hornaday, Director of the New York Zoological Society, Wm. C. Adams, Director of Fisheries and Game in Massachusetts, and Dr. Francis H. Rowley, president of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

* *

PLEASE PRAY FOR HAYES

THE papers throughout the country published the following New York dispatch, which we take from the *Boston Transcript:*

> New York, March 17.—Archbishop Hayes, now on his way to Rome, where he will be given a cardinal's hat, yesterday requested that prayers be offered up for the modernists who have questioned the doctrine of the virgin birth in all Roman Catholic churches of the New York archdiocese at special services on March 25, which is the feast of the annunciation of the blessed virgin.

We Universalists believe in prayer and recognize that there is a grace in receiving as well as in giving. Therefore we are glad that well-disposed Catholics on March 25 held us in their thoughts and prayed to Almighty God for our eternal welfare. In return, let all good Universalists pray for Archbishop Hayes. Let us ask God that the mind which was in Jesus may be in him, that he may be grateful for the high honors which have come to him and "walk humbly before God," that he may obey the command of Jesus and love God with his mind as well as his heart, that he may more and more ponder the great Bible truths that we are "made in the image of God," that "now are we the sons of God," that nothing can "separate us from the love of God," and so use his great opportunities to spread truth, exalt individual judgment, remove all barriers between man and his Maker, and destroy every autocracy on earth.

* *

A GREATER DANGER

A GREATER danger to our republic than graft or other malfeasance in office is a possible paralysis or destruction of our machinery of justice.

Humiliating and dangerous as it would be to have an Attorney General false to his oath, it would be more dangerous to free government to have that Attorney General or any one else tried and convicted or exonerated by partisans without regard to the law and the facts.

The people of the United States may be trusted to deal with malefactors.

They are not so certain to see through politicians.

There are men in the United States Senate and on its committees of investigation whose ability and fairness are above all question.

There are others who are simply political shysters, and they are not all in one party. We hold that the real menace to free institutions in the present upheaval in Washington lies in the almost unbelievable lack of fairness on both sides.

Shamelessly to cover up material facts on one side and to magnify them out of all proportion on the other side, to gloat over evil, to blacken innocent men, is to attack the foundations of free representative government, because it attacks the foundations of the temple of justice itself.

This oil business is bad enough, and to the last material fact it must all come out. Justice must be swift, sure and terrible if it is to accomplish its mission. But there is no justice or desire for it in the words of too many of us who discuss the subject.

* *

RE DENOMINATIONAL STATISTICS

SOME religious leaders and many newspapers are making capital out of certain statistics of religious bodies recently published by the *Christian Herald*, showing a large loss in the avowedly liberal Churches of this country. These figures were published without any explanation on the part of the *Herald* and without any fair statement as to how they were secured.

In a letter to the Secretary of the General Convention dated Feb. 20, 1924, H. K. Carroll, statistical editor for the *Herald*, writes, "I am continuing to print figures which I know are completely out of date." In an effort to supply correct figures, Mr. Carroll was furnished with statistics based on current reports. These latter figures were used by the *Herald* in its calculations with the resulting apparent great loss. How many years the old figures have been used we do not know. In fairness this difference should have

been made clear in a footnote in the published article. As a matter of fact this loss is an accumulation of many years.

We have not had accurate reports for some time until three years ago, when we began to publish a denominational Year Book. The present lists have dropped many parishes which went out of existence years ago and have been carried on our records, but which have had no existence in fact.

The truth really is that within the last two years our losses in ministers by death and retirement have been equaled by our gains from theological schools and other denominations, and at least as many new churches have been organized as we have lost in the inevitable changes which have taken place.

In spite of what we consider improper use of our statistics we must try to be accurate and honest in helping to compile returns for any publication. It should be a lesson to all of us to make a more general and accurate response when statistical reports are sent out and an increased effort to make such decided gains that there can be no question about our standing.

Roger F. Etz.

* *

FREE THINKERS IN DESPAIR

VOLUMES have been written outside the Church and inside about the intolerance of churchmen. We have yet to see more intense intolerance than that of some so-called free thinkers. It is of a peculiarly interesting variety. And what is it of which they are intolerant? Liberal religion. The distressing situation with which they are confronted is that liberal religion stops the spread of atheism. They want religion destroyed, and they are making little progress because leaders of religious thought are putting it on a rational basis and making it possible for scientific men to accept it.

The *Literary Digest* reprints from the *Freethinker* (London) a gloomy editorial by Chapman Cohen of which the following is an abstract:

> "The rationalizing of religion is one of the gravest dangers to genuine free thought. That is a sentence which all free thinkers would do well to take for a New Year's motto. There is no real gain to progress if a man or a Church gives up the plainly anthropomorphic God of the Bible and rests content with a God who is only a watered-down edition of the old one. There is no real gain to give up belief in the demons and angels of the New Testament and to console oneself with other angels and demons of a little less objectionable character. We do not speak of a man as a genuinely reformed character if he gives up burg ary and takes to picking pockets. What gain is it for men and women to disown the literal inspiration of the Bible if they continue to impress upon the nation the importance of keeping the Bible in front of all as a book socially valuable to the people and demand for it a privileged position in schools and colleges? These things are only making religion more tolerable, holding off the free thinking attacker until such time as the defenders have regained their strength. It is not the precise form in which certain ideas are cast that we are fighting, but the ideas themselves. We are not fighting the Orthodox Christian conception of God only, but the idea of God. It is the idea of a future life as dominating th's one against which we war, not the precise form of the idea as set forth by this or that Church. And the more the Churches, by their concessions to free thought, disguise the real nature of their teaching and of their aims, the more important it is that we should make their real aims and their real teaching plain to the people.
>
> "Our spoken propaganda should be increased at least tenfold, the distribution of our literature should be intensified fifty-fold. The Churches see to it that their message is carried everywhere. Can not we do something to see that our message is spread abroad to the same extent? Let us be more aggressive."

We are not disguising "the real nature of our teachings" or "of our aims."

We propose nothing less than to bring the entire world to an intense and all-compelling faith in God as the Loving Father, in this universe as upheld by laws based on Supreme Beneficence, and in all men, rich and poor, yellow, brown and white, as children of God and brothers of one another.

By deepening faith and by enlarging knowledge we propose to make all mankind sure that this life does not end all. We propose to give to everybody the strength and comfort which come from knowing that our dead are alive and that we too live and shall live.

We propoee to put the Golden Rule into international relations, industrial relations and our own hearts. To this end we propose to teach and live Christ and use the Bible.

The gloom of the free thinkers fills us with joy. It thrills us with a sense of victory. It is what our fathers contended and what we in feebler way have been trying to make clear.

Liberal Christianity makes believers. Illiberal dogmatic Christianity, so-called, makes atheists.

Especially now when dogmatists are active and are driving thinking men and women out of the Church and into the darkness and despair of doubt, we of the Liberal Church are charged with a great responsibility. We must make our religion known. We must save faith in God, in Christ, in brotherhood, and in the life to come.

* *

VENERABLE AND SAINTLY EDITORS

NEWSPAPER men, hitherto unrepresented in the calendar of the Saints, may now have a member of the profession canonized," says a Paris dispatch.

The founder of the great Catholic daily paper, *La Croix*, and the founder of the famous publishing house, *La Bonne Presse*, will soon be beatified and be given the title "Venerable." If things go on well with them in heaven and on earth they will become Saints in fifty years.

We rejoice in these honors. We have felt for some months that editors must be saintlier men than we had hitherto suspected. If the purifying flames make saints, what group on earth have better chances to achieve sainthood? Even if they fail to appreciate their need, the beneficent "jets" issuing from every conceivable species of "blower" are daily applied.

These two good Catholic brothers have gone to their reward. No one doubts that they will have upper seats yonder after editing papers here below. It is a surprise and delight to find that they are to be made saints here as well.

Following the General Superintendent

John Smith Lowe

I HAVE often wished, during the last seven years, that every minister in the denomination might actually follow the General Superintendent about the country. It would be a wonderful experience for our ministers. A new education would come to them, one that can not be imparted through the written and spoken word. Many questions repeatedly on their lips, as to why we don't do this and why we don't do that, would be effectually answered.

They would discover that they are the answer. They would learn that we are each one of us the answer. We are the denomination. The denomination is not an impersonal something that exists apart from each one of us.

Actually to follow the General Superintendent for a while would teach us that we can not take out of the denomination by way of performance more than we put into it by way of investment. The ministers would go back to their churches with a new perspective. They would return with enlarged vision. They would take up their pastorates realizing the urgency of the work at large, saying, "It is up to me to put it up to my people." They would stand before their congregations and appeal to them to give to the denomination the funds required for the work they want their denomination to do. Their words would ring with fervor and conviction. Convinced and convicted, their people would respond.

There is a haunting fear in many minds that if so much additional money were to be shut out of the local treasury, there would be a terrific slump in the contributions to the support of the home church. They have a terrifying vision of deficits and debts, coal bills, light bills, choir bills, unpaid and the minister's salary behind. That is enough to scare any timid mortal into a silence that would put the Sphinx to shame. It has sealed more than one pair of lips and it has kept more than one parish in the zero column at the Headquarters office.

It is a vision, however, peopled with bugbears, goblins and phantoms. A careful study of statistics brings to light the fact that the churches in which the people do not give generously for the support of denominational enterprises are the ones in which they give sparingly for current expenses at home. They are the parishes with annual deficits and floating debts. The real trouble is that the people have not been schooled in the art of generous and systematic giving. The churches on the other hand in which the people give handsomely for outside work are the ones in which they contribute with unstinted hand to local budgets. It is a significant fact that this is precisely what happened in the Million Dollar Drive in 1919. The churches which paid their quotas in full to the General Convention and the ones which paid largely then, if not in full, have enjoyed greater increases in revenue for home consumption than ever before. Their supporters instead of cutting their subscriptions to the local parish advanced them. Ministers' salaries have been increased, paid workers have been employed, parsonages have been purchased and new churches projected. These observations do not prove that the only way to get more money for us at home is to get your followers to give more for work abroad. Possibly they don't prove anything, except that money going out to the denomination does not mean less money at home. But in such affairs, as a general rule, where the result is so invariably the same, the tendency is to adopt the conclusion that there is a relation of cause and effect between the facts observed. One assumption we may safely make. The more people give the more they form the habit of giving. The habit of giving results in greater contributions to all worthy causes.

Some day the General Superintendent will go back to a parish. He will go with a wonderful experience behind him and with many years of health and strength ahead of him, he hopes. He will go to make strong the church that pays his salary. He will go to plead the cause of the denomination at large because he believes in it as he did not and could not believe in it in 1916. His aim will be to inspire his people with a passion for generous giving. He will not swing a big stick but he will fearlessly unfurl the denominational banner. He will nail it to the masthead and keep it there. The hoarded life shrinks. The invested life expands.

Some Protestant Churches, strictly congregational in polity, deal with the problem of denominational finance with a strong arm. They exercise authority. They derive it and they assert it. Those from whom the power is derived submit to the pressure that is brought to bear upon them because they have invoked it upon themselves and because they see that it makes things happen. For businesslike efficiency you can not beat it. Briefly, here is the way the plan functions. Ministers and people say to their denominational representatives: "You determine what is to be done at home and abroad. Tell us how much the whole of it will cost. Then command us to produce the revenue." The denominational representatives do as they are told. They make the ministers responsible for the amount called for from their churches. The churches are subjected to pressure to make them give what the ministers ask. The ministers who make good are promoted as opportunity offers. The churches likewise are elevated or lowered in rating as they succeed or fail in reaching the goal set for them. Those who fall down are reduced in rank. Actually, there is very little if any reducing or lowering for the reason that nearly all of the men and most of the churches come up to the mark.

There is no complaining about coercion, although coercion it is, pure and simple. The point is, it is coercion self-imposed, and it is coercion that gets things done. Does it sound like autocracy, brethren? It does. It is. But it is the autocracy of an effective democracy. It is self-government, but it is self-government that governs.

Frequently since 1917, thoughtful business men who have made a success of big enterprises, and not a

few of our ministers, have said to me: "We will never get where we all want to get with the Universalist Church until we are ready to adopt a system of administration that exercises authority and invokes power."

Something of the kind is coming in our Church. Sentiment in favor of it is increasing. The Providence Convention ratified a plan for the reorganization of our denomination. We are at work on the details. How far we can go at present remains to be seen. The drift of the whole scheme is to place responsibility and power in the hands of leaders and to call upon the churches to submit to both leadership and authority. It will be interesting to watch developments. It is worthy of note in this connection that the Unitarians, at New Haven last fall, voted to create a committee charged with the duty of presenting to the next convention a plan for handling changes in pastorates, similar to the one in operation in the Methodist body. You know, of course, the controlling principle in that system. It is benevolent dictatorship. The Superintendent says to this man, "Go," and he goeth, and to that man, "Come," and he cometh.

Let no one infer that these lines constitute a bill of complaint. The General Superintendent would be a heartless ingrate to complain. His years of service to the denomination have been the most fruitful and gratifying in his ministry. The support accorded him on every hand has been remarkable and far beyond his just deserts. He could not ask for more.

The progress we have made under our existing policy is electrifying. We have forged ahead in the face of great odds and we are still going strong. Mr. Etz, our General Secretary, who has been traveling with me constantly now for weeks, repeatedly makes this comment: "We are gaining. There is a greater degree of team work and co-operation in the denomination to-day than ever before in the history of the Church."

New Church in Boston

It is gratifying to watch the walls of a new Universalist church edifice rising from the ground in the heart of Boston. It is ten years since fire destroyed the old Columbus Avenue church, in which the declaration of our five principles was adopted in 1899. Congratulations to the Second Universalist Society on the way in which its members are building for the future. Gothic in style, the new church is to be dignified, imposing, beautiful and modern in every respect. No pains will be spared in the effort to make the interior not only artistic and worshipful but convenient and useful. The denomination may well take pride in this new cathedral in the heart of New England. During the summer months each season, hundreds of Universalists from all parts of the country visit Boston. They will be welcome guests in a temple of praise and service that will send them back home with a thrill.

Arrangements are already under way for special services this coming season under the supervision of Dr. Coons, acting for the Massachusetts State Convention. Dr. Roblin and the trustees of the Metropolitan Universalist Church have joyously agreed to place the edifice at our disposal for this purpose. Each Sunday morning during July and August, if present plans are carried out, the church will be open for inspection and worship. If you are to be in Boston next summer don't fail to attend one of these services. You will be inspired by a wonderful Gothic church and uplifted by a great sermon.

It was a joy to the writer to accept the invitation of Dr. Roblin and his people to have a part, with Dr. Coons, in the services which marked the laying of the two corner-stones. Soon the service of dedication will be in order.

Denver, the Mile-High City

My last trip West, accompanied by the General Secretary, took me once more a mile into the air, where enterprising pioneers in the "covered wagon" days laid the foundations of a great city. Denver is a miracle city. It puts something into your blood that is irresistible. You can not throw it off. Mr. Etz had never seen the snow-capped Rockies. I began to tell him unbelievable tales about water running up hill, up grade looking like down grade, great distances of seventy-five miles appearing to be no greater than the space you would cover in a morning walk, and I kept the attack up until he looked at me in a way that said plainly enough, "I think you have lost your sanity." He had not been in Denver very long before the spirit and atmosphere of the place had taken him captive, for he exclaimed at last: "I surrender. Tell me anything you please and I'll believe what you say."

Ex-Governor Harper, one of the most captivating men I have ever met, has told the story of our visit in his own inimitable manner in his *Leader* article of Feb. 23, 1924. I will not attempt to cover the same ground.

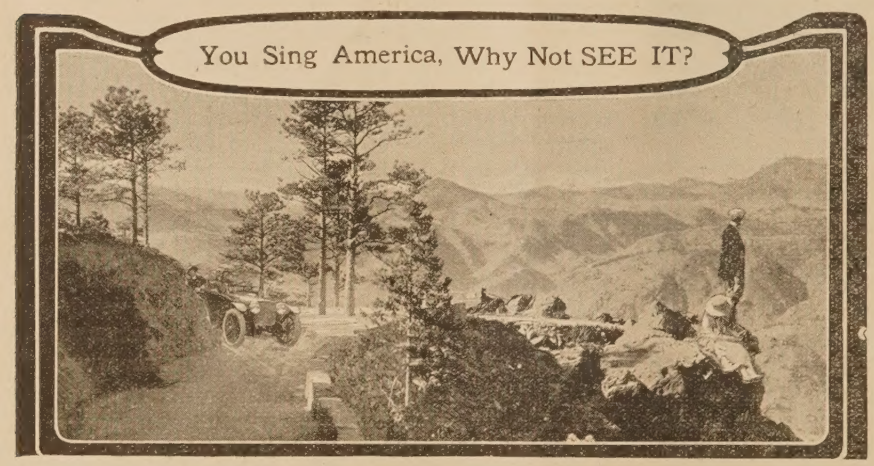
A little over a year ago the situation in our little church in Denver was very depressing. The people, who have been staunch, loyal, and generous ever since the movement was started, were in the throes of despair. "We have no courage to go on and we are unwilling to ask the denomination to sink money in an enterprise in which we have lost our faith." To-day, as a result of Mr. Niles' leadership, although his health since going to Denver has been seriously impaired, the clouds of discouragement have been dispelled and hope and confidence reign on every side. Mr. Niles is getting hold wonderfully. The newspapers give him generous space. He has been recognized by interests at large in the city in many ways. The congregations and receipts for all purposes have greatly increased. No one is willing to prophesy, but the future seems bright. Mr. Niles is determined to win. His people are equally courageous. The situation is the most hopeful that I have seen in the Denver parish since the day of my first contact with it.

Many things of great interest come trooping into my mind in connection with Denver. When our Mr. Mills, who has been such a staunch defender of the church, first went to Denver as a boy, having emigrated from New York City, there was not a blade of natural grass growing where the city now stands, nor were there any trees. To-day spacious lawns are luxuriant with a heavy crop of exquisite green. Flowers bloom almost perennially, and the parkways, streets and boulevards in the residential section are gorgeously shaded with trees of many varieties. In all

of this Mr. Mills has been a moving spirit. Perhaps Mr. Mills' most notable achievement was that of creating the Denver Rocky Mountain System, visited each year by thousands of automobile tourists, who delight in the wonderful scenery and enjoy the camping conveniences and facilities provided by the park commission of Denver. Thinking a few of the scenes along the mountain drive where one wonder after another bursts upon your vision with such rapidity that you are thrilled beyond the power of description might be interesting, I brought home with me through the courtesy of the Denver Tourist Bureau some views which will give my readers a glimpse of the glories of this truly wonderful country.

The view on the cover page gives you a glimpse of the famous Lariat Trail leading up or down Lookout Mountain, take your choice as to which, at the summit of which is the grave of the famous Colonel Cody, or "Buffalo Bill." Speaking for myself I would rather go up instead of down if I were to sit at the wheel. The Lariat Trail is a series of "hair-pin curves," and forms a part of the wonderful automobile highway constructed by the city of Denver, stretching out into the heart of the mountains. It resembles a spiral stairway! From the point where you begin the ascent toward the fleecy clouds and snowclad peaks glinting in the flashing sunlight, your car goes in and out over a series of turns and spirals all compressed into such a narrow space that you almost seem to be going straight up. At any rate almost before you know what has happened you are more than two thousand feet above the spot from which you started.

You stop the car and climb out on the overhang-



ing rocks, as the tourists have done in the accompanying picture, there to look directly down upon the roadway over which you have just traveled, which looks like a giant ribbon wound about the slope of the mountain.

The city of Golden nestles close to the base of the mountain nearly half a mile beneath you. The tallest buildings in Golden look like doll houses; automobiles look like insects and the huge locomotive pulling its train of cars over the rails looks like a toy.

Just a word about this little city of Golden. Back in the days when the rush to California for gold was on, one of the covered wagon caravans camped for the night on the spot where the city grew up. There were two good reasons why these sturdy soldiers of fortune did not go any farther. First of all, the great mountain wall thousands of feet high and hundreds of miles wide towered above them, barring this way. That alone would have been enough to stop most of us. But right at the foot of these austere monsters which suddenly thwarted their cherished plans they found the very thing they were searching for —gold. Oh, friends, those were great days! Those soldiers of fortune were brave souls. Their spirit is still in our blood. Why don't we display it, just a bit of it anyway, in our religious life? Mr. Etz, I am sure, would want me to say, in leaving the subject of Denver, that our church people out there are just as wonderful as the country of which they are a part. It is just as true, too, to say the country is part of them.

What We Have in Worcester

For a tonic go to Worcester, Massachusetts, and visit either one of our strong and rapidly growing churches. I was there on a recent Sunday in All Souls Church and Dr. van Schaick was there on the same date in the First Church. His audience was so large that later he said, "All the Universalists in Worcester must have been out to hear me, even though Dr. Lowe was in town." My own congregation was so large that I wondered if the pews in front of Dr. van Schaick were mostly vacant. We all know the story of Dr. Tomlinson's remarkable pastorate and the growth of his church in numbers, strength, influence and service. The citizens of Worcester, Catholic and Protestant alike, would elect Dr. Tomlinson, by acclamation almost, to any office in the city government from that of mayor down. Possibly he continues to hold this enviable position in the public mind, for the most part, because he turns his back to all of these honors with a sincere "thank you." He has served in the City Council and he has been a member of important committees.

But Worcester is a city of two notable pastorates and it is the home of two unusual Universalist churches. All Souls Church, of which Rev. Fenwick L. Leavitt is the minister, is following closely in the wake of the First Church. It is located next to Clark University. Mr. Leavitt is celebrating the tenth anniversary of his pastorate. He is making a month of it. Some special feature of the anniversary is given prominence each Sunday.

Recently Mr. Leavitt was given a very insistent call to another important church. He was inclined to accept, thinking that after ten years in All Souls some one else could do better work in his place. His people said "No," very emphatically, and proceeded to tie him up for five years more anyway. A fifteen year pastorate, at least, is in sight. Mr. Leavitt has been the secretary of the Worcester Rotary Club for years. It is a salaried office in an organization composed of the leading business men of the city. This means that Mr. Leavitt is practically as well

known as any minister in his community. The Rotarians, too, said "No," when he offered to resign.

All Souls Church was organized thirty-nine years ago. During the first twenty-nine years of its history, 226 members were received. In the last ten years 219 have joined the church. All but fifty of the 219 are at present active workers. The church property has been repaired and beautified. A debt of $9,000 has been paid. A parsonage has been acquired. The Sunday school has an enrollment of 121 and the attendance was ninety-three the day I was there. The average attendance is about the same. We offer congratulations to Mr. Leavitt and All Souls Church.

More about Crusade Conferences

Since returning from Denver and the West the Secretary and Superintendent have been busy with conferences in the East. On the way back we stopped off at Junction City, Kansas, where we put in an afternoon with Mr. Altenbern and Mr. Gaskin, our two ministers in Junction City and Hutchinson, and their laymen. Both of these men are giving a good account of themselves. Mr. Altenbern, with characteristic enterprise, on our arrival on the noon train rushed us over to the hotel, where we spoke briefly to the Rotary Club.

In Detroit we were the guests of Dr. Adams and his people in the Church of Our Father. Dr. Adams is making a dent upon the great motor metropolis of more than a million people. His church is growing in numbers, strength and prestige. We made plans to hold Sunday evening services in Grand Rapids. There is strong hope that we can soon bring the church there back into the active list.

We have presented the denominational objectives to representative groups in Vermont, New Hampshire, Maine, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania and New York City. We meet the Eastern Massachusetts workers next.

What are some of the latest developments?

1. Increasingly we are coming to take the Christ Crusade seriously. The title appears constantly in our parish papers. Ministers are preaching about it, the people are talking about it and we are all beginning to work at it. Calls for the Christ Crusade poster with our "Spiritual Program" printed in purple and gold are frequent. This dignified, vital statement is attracting attention. We are printing a supply of post card size for individual use. Ask for your share at once and hand them or mail them to your friends. We are getting the idea into our consciousness.

2. More and more the idea of a special campaign of preaching services the country over is gaining in favor. Dr. Tomlinson goes to Cincinnati in April. Dr. Perkins will go to Unity Church, Oak Park, Illinois, next fall. These men will preach every night for a period of ten days or two weeks. Already the Rev. F. A. Moore, chairman of the Eastern Massachusetts Committee, is proposing that something of this kind be done in his section. "Let's go, brethren." Two years of this intensive campaigning will shake off lethargy, melt indifference and stir the Church from center to circumference. A Church that is thus awakened will impress itself upon society at large.

3. The idea of "Our Prayers Together" provided for in the home devotional services appearing in the *Leader* is getting hold. That is encouraging. When we find God and God finds us by virtue of our actual fellowship with Him, great things are going to happen. Judging from the deluge of "special offer" subscriptions that has nearly swamped the Publishing House offices, we are getting the iron hot. Don't let it cool off, friends. Read the *Leader* with care and then resolve to become a permanent subscriber. Six thousand of you are now on the list. Why not stay on? Swing into line with the swelling procession and stay with it.

4. Let us beware of the vicious circle. Stirring things up in our own ranks is good, but if we stop there we shall wind up at last just as the darky did who spent his money riding all day on the "merry-go-round." When finally he climbed down from his seat he realized he had done a lot of riding without getting anywhere.

Part of our Crusade program is to outlaw war and establish peace. Why not draw up a plan for the outlawing of war and for the promotion of peace so sane, so clean-cut, so practical that it will command attention and respect? Why not sound the trumpet so loud and strong that it will silence the shot that was heard round the world? No, it will not be possible for us all to agree on such a statement. We don't all agree on anything much. Let us thank God for that, for it means we are alive. We can, I believe, formulate a statement reflecting the sentiment of our Church to such an extent that we place ourselves squarely before our own nation and the nations of the earth as a fellowship of souls brave enough and sane enough to challenge men to rid themselves of the greatest curse known to mankind.

4. Make the Syracuse Convention in 1925 the first great round-up of the Christ Crusade. It will be our first Convention under the new basis of representation, allowing each parish two lay delegates besides the minister.

Here is the proposition: Our slogan is: Every church in our fellowship eligible for representation in the Syracuse Convention, not only by virtue of having made a payment on its quota but by virtue of having paid its quota in full, and every church actually represented by a full delegation when the president's gavel falls. Do you realize what that would mean? It would mean that the delegates alone, friends and visitors not counted, would fill Dr. Betts' church so full the opening day that an overflow meeting would be a necessity. Let's do it, friends! Let's begin right off! And let us go, not only with an overflow crowd but with a story of things done—members received, ministers and missionaries enlisted, quotas paid, money raised for Japan, Washington and ministerial pensions—that will put heart into our making of plans for the future. The newspapers will send swarms of reporters to write up a Convention like that. Instead of begging them to give us a little space, they will be appealing to us for our really live material to fill the space they want to give us. How would it do to start an honor roll next fall of the churches ready to go to Syracuse in 1925 with a full delegation?

Rediscovered Countries

III. The Rediscovery of Jesus' Method---Concluded

Frank Durward Adams

5. Keeping Faith with Faith

WHEN patiently and faithfully applied this method does not fail. Even when we follow it but half-heartedly, it sometimes amazes us with its efficacy. Let me illustrate again. A really notable book, written some years ago by a penetrating writer, has not had the wide reading it merits. It is entitled, "Those about Trench."* Trench is a professor in a Chicago medical school, who, by the sheer power of his humanness and personal interest in them, has surrounded himself with a group of students of a half-dozen radically different nationalities. The inevitable woman in the case is Edith Bridgman. Edith is a Christian, or thinks she is; the doctor isn't, and knows he isn't. She wants to convince him of the genuineness of her faith by demonstrating that there can be a real friendship, on a basis of Christian equality, between herself, a rich society woman, and some unknown poor girl who works for a living.

Edith has the courage of her purpose. A social worker acts as the intermediary, and a really remarkable friendship strikes up between the rich woman and Elsie Shaviro, a Jewish shop-girl. Elsie is a fire-brand, all aflame with the spirit of the social revolution. She is impatient with religion, prayers, sacraments and all conventional religious institutions. She is looking for a man who is willing to die for the workers. "The right man will not come along," she obstinately declares; "but, if he *did* come, I would go with him, even if he was married. . . . I'm twenty years old, and haven't seen a man who has any fight in him."

To make a long story short, Elsie suddenly disappears. Remembering her rash avowal, they all fear the worst, and the city is searched for her in vain. After many weeks of weary anxiety a telephone call summoned Edith to a little flat, where Elsie met her radiant with happiness. She had found her brave man! He proved to be one of Dr. Trench's students; but that is only incidental to our story. In reply to Edith's half-spoken question, Elsie held up her left hand, on which gleamed a plain band of gold. "You see, I haven't disgraced you," she said. "That ring is as real as anybody's . . . . I've just been living on your convictions. . . . If I had known you a little better, I'd have had you come and chaperon me; but *I always thought of you as with me, dear, beautiful woman!*"

Edith's eyes gushed full of tears, as she dumbly prayed to be forgiven for the dark doubts she had entertained. Elsie, the firebrand, Elsie the impulsive, had been saved by faith, by the half doubting faith of another good woman in her elemental womanliness. In that other good woman she had seen the reflection of her own real Self. And that real Self had walked by her side, a guardian power through all the danger. "I always thought of you as near me, dear, beautiful woman!"

*By Edwin Herbert Lewis, published in 1916.

"He it is that shall save his people from their sins." This is *how* he does it; this is the secret of his irresistible power. This is the Christ-method of salvation—appealing to, challenging, calling forth *our best.*

6. "The Madonna of the Rose"

In the realm of the short story, I discovered some time ago in a magazine a fugitive tale, worthy of immortality. Just when and where I found it I can not recall; but the story burned itself so deeply upon my memory that I can repeat it almost word for word. It has to do with another woman. Are women's lives more intense and tragic than men's or is it just easier to tell their stories?

Granville was an artist in Paris, and Joline was his model. Yes, let it be confessed, she was something more than his model. But their relationship had no standing in law. Joline was beautiful, and she had just finished posing as a Bacchante when Granville became seized with a desire to paint a Madonna. He must paint a Madonna, and she must be standing in the very center of a great twining rose-bush. The appropriate setting at once suggested itself.

At Hildesheim, in Germany, is the famous rose-bush of a thousand years, a rose among whose branches tradition said the Holy Mother herself had once appeared. And because of the visitation a monastery has been built about it, and pious monks pass their lives there in study and devotion. In the identical setting of the revered rose-bush Granville must paint his Madonna.

But of course Joline must not go with him. He felt in his heart that she could not pose for such a picture. Man-like, it did not occur to him that she was as worthy to pose for it as he was to paint it. But she pleaded and pouted and threatened till she had carried her point, and they set out together.

When they arrived at Hildesheim they learned that no woman was permitted to pass through the gates of the monastery. But Joline was smuggled in disguised as a boy. And at an hour when all the monks were gathered in the refectory, she donned her light draperies and took her place among the branches of the sacred rose-tree. The excitement of the adventure and the strange spirit of the place were upon her; and for the moment she looked and felt like the Madonna indeed.

But Brother Augustine, one of the old monks,was very ill. He felt death hovering near; and he wanted to worship once more before the hallowed rose-bush ere he took his long journey into the Unknown Country. It was against the rules, but he staggered, half delirious, out into the garden. And when he saw what he believed to be the veritable figure of the Holy Mother standing among the branches, he fell in a faint, crying, "Blessed Mary, have mercy!"

During the confusion that followed Granville and Joline safely made their escape. But Brother

Augustine recovered consciousness long enough to tell of his vision and to predict that the rose-bush would blossom in the spring, a thing which had not happened for many years. Then he passed peacefully away, and they laid him to rest in his beloved garden not far from the revered shrine.

Great was the excitement caused by this report. And when in June the rose actually budded, it was not doubted that the Blessed Virgin had appeared there in very truth. Thousands came from far and near to worship before the spot.

7. The Miracle Was Wrought

But the mischievous spirit of Joline could not keep the secret. She thought it would be a good joke to tell the pious monks how they had been fooled. So, by dint of much scheming and a bit of bribery, she made her way into the presence of the prior himself. But by this time she was somewhat shaken by the solemn air of the monastery; and when the kindly all-wise gaze of the old prior was turned full upon her face, her joking mood quite oozed away. Now she felt ashamed of what she had done. But the old man urged her gently, and she told him all.

He did not utter a word of reproach. Indeed, he took quite a different tack. "My daughter," said he, "may it not, after all, have been a miracle? May not the dying eyes of Brother Augustine have seen something which others could not see? Are there not moments when the spirit of the Holy Mother herself looks out of the eyes of some good woman?" Joline staggered as though struck. *She a good woman?* "And," the old man gently persisted, "has not the rose blossomed?"

He led her out into the garden and showed her the flower. *It had budded at the very spot where her hand had touched the branch!* And Joline dropped to her knees, uttering the very words of Brother Augustine, "Blessed Mary, have mercy!"

Like a murmur from far away the voice of the old prior came to her ears. "The spirit of the Holy Mother shone through your eyes as you stood there among the branches." "But, kind father," she sobbed, "you do not understand. I am—I am—I am not a good woman. I am—a sinner!" "We are all sinners, my good daughter. But, however sinful you may have been, I know right well that for one bright moment at least, you were good and pure in heart. . . . And in that high moment of your life our blessed Brother Augustine saw the Madonna's glory in your eyes. The bush has blossomed, just as he said. . . . As for your sins, my child, I have learned from our Redeemer himself the message to be given to you. His words are, 'Go, and sin no more.' I have no fear for you, my daughter. The Madonna has chosen you for her own. She will bide with you always and forever."

Joline went out slowly, and the great oaken door closed behind her. The miracle had indeed come to pass. She went in the opposite direction from which she had come! For had not the old monk said that she was good? And had not the Madonna chosen her for her own?

"He it is that shall save his people from their sins." This is *how* he does it; by appealing to the best in us, making the good so attractive and *natural* that nothing else is worth while.

8. "A God Who Is Afraid"

We call it a rediscovery, this finding again the method of Jesus. In a great and true sense it is that for all of Christendom. For fifteen hundred years its light was dimmed. After Christianity became a political appendage, after its amazing success made it a prize to be grasped by ambitious monarchs and demagogues, its primal, purifying, penetrating power in human life was arrested. Its very success had overwhelmed it; and in the building of hierarchies, cathedrals and theologies the simple evangel which had swept with incredible rapidity over the whole Mediterranean world in the first two centuries became merely an institution. In that unhappy reaction both Jesus and his method were obscured.* But to-day the mists are lifting, and the good news of Galilee is finding our hearts once more.

But not yet is his method employed on any considerable scale. We all, at certain times and seasons, rejoice in the glad intimations of it. This is especially true at the Christmas season. It is easy at such a time to yield ourselves to this divine influence. For a day or a week, perhaps, our hearts are softened. We feel kindly towards all the world. We hearken to the cry of need and do what little we can to palliate the harsh economic wrongs of the rest of the year. A glow of well-being comes over us; and we are happy in just the degree that we make others happy. We gladly surrender to the spirit of him whose advent we commemorate. And it draws us away from the hardness and bitterness of the struggle from which we have rested for a time, but to which we know we shall soon return.

But why do we return to it? Because we are *afraid*. Says the Stranger, in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," "The fear that keeps men little is the fear of being great." Is it not true? We are afraid to be just: the world has so long depended upon the strong arm. We are afraid to trust one another; the world has lived so long upon suspicion. We are afraid to be kind; the world has so long feared that kindness will be misunderstood and taken as a sign of weakness. We are afraid to trust the simple power of love; the world has trusted so long in the might of hatred. We are afraid to take Jesus at his word; the world has so long wisely wagged its head and called him crazy! Well spake one of our modern prophets, who said, "Man is a god who is afraid."

There is a great realm in human life awaiting the challenging call of the Christ method of salvation. This is true of each one of us as individuals; the wonder of our real selves has not been revealed. It is true in all our group relations, from the humblest family circle up to the wrangling family of nations. Shall we not let the healing spirit come in and mend our discords? The late ghastly war, born of jealousy, hatred and suspicion; our industrial struggles, conceived in selfishness and born of misunderstanding; the very Church, cleft into a hundred warring fragments and its influence all but nullified because it will not

*See the preceding chapter.

seek first the spirit of our common Master which unites; our little personal feuds and estrangements, born of fear, mistrust and false education—all these have brought us to the forks of the road.

On the one hand is the path leading down into the same agony and despair of the centuries agone; on the other the outstretched hands of the Christ imploring us to come his way and find rest unto our souls. Shall we be wise enough to do the simple thing, brave enough to do the great thing? Shall we not follow the promptings of our sin-wearied hearts? For there is no other name—and by that we mean method and spirit—given under heaven through which the world can be saved.

For he it is that shall save his people *from their sins*.

The Reconstruction of Theology

V. The God of Experience

John Murray Atwood

IF we should ask members of an ordinary congregation, "Do you believe in God?" a few, more daring in this frank age, would respond "I don't know," but most of them would answer affirmatively. But do they? There is nothing in the field of religion about which there is more self-delusion. The God men actually worship and the God they believe in are often quite distinct. The former is the one that really influences their life; the God they believe in is a kind of vague symbol, piously employed in speech, but with little effect on their actual life, because it stands for no reality. Most people mean by "belief in God" that they accept what they have been told—that there is a providential being who watches over and ultimately controls the destinies of men. It is at least agreeable to assume that there is such a being. It is an easy-going optimism or pragmatism, that works out very well, to keep this idea of God—whether there is such a being or not—somewhere in the background of consciousness. We remember the lines of Clough (in "Dipsychus") from the text "There is no God:"

"Some others, also, to themselves,
Who scarce so much as doubt it,
Think there is none, when they are well,
And do not think about it;

"But country folks who live beneath
The shadow of the steeple;
The parson and the parson's wife,
And mostly married people;

. . . . . .

"And almost every one when age,
Disease or sorrow strike him,
Inclines to think there is a God,
Or something very like Him."

But how many have assured themselves, intellectually or otherwise, that there is a God? Rather, except when emergencies arise, as Clough says, "they do not think about it." The reason for this attitude, however, is not that men are not primarily interested in the question of the existence of God. They all are. But it is because what is offered them as evidence is, as Professor Skinner is fond of saying, largely or wholly a matter of speculation—all inconclusive. What they want is not argument. The cry of the soul of man is still, "Oh, that I knew where I might find Him!" or again, "When shall I come and appear before God?" He wants to be *shown* the Father. Nothing less will suffice.

There may be said to be three kinds of belief in God. They are not necessarily mutually exclusive, but to be distinguished for the sake of clear thinking. First, there is belief in what people have been *taught* about God. It may be what they have been told as children. One can prepossess the child's mind with the notion of a being that is a man, a king, a judge, or a father. He can further instruct him that this God is stern, just, kind and loving. Nothing is easier. Some will perhaps say, "nothing could be better." But this word "God" will derive its meaning for the child from the conception he already has of the terms thus applied to it. And with *this significance* this notion of God will take its place among his stock of ideas, be organized into his thinking, and be bound up with his emotions and social relations. We can all go back, like the late John Fiske, and recall our thought of God. He was always a man, for this God was always of the masculine gender; he was always a venerable, patriarchal creature, never a young man—though H. G. Wells says, "God is youth." Indeed, when the child attempts to apply his inculcated concept to life the result is frequently amusing. A little boy of our acquaintance, about four years of age, whose mother felt she must pre-empt some part of his childish mind with an idea of God who is up in heaven, surprised her a little later when the family had been drawn out of doors to watch the stunts of a spectacular aviator, with the suggestion that perhaps it was God sailing around up there in the blue.

We may rub our hands with satisfaction when the children glibly repeat after us, "I believe in God the Father Almighty," or "We believe in the Universal Fatherhood of God," and feel that we have lodged this securely in their minds. But where oftener than in religious teaching do we violate the principle of education that we must first lead the child to apprehend the *reality* in experience, and then apply the name to it, and not furnish him the symbol *before* he has laid hold of the reality? Theodore Parker's mother, from whom he said he got his religion, was wise when she seized upon the famous rhododendron and frog episode to teach him that that voice within him was the voice of God, which he must ever obey. He understood from that time that God was that inner voice that he *had heard*, and continued to hear.

Some carry these early implanted conceptions of Deity through life. We have found intelligent persons who had always thought of God as a being in human form—like your good neighbor in the next street. So with thousands the idea of God which they have been taught becomes fixed in their mind. All

reference to God in their thinking is with this conception. They have always thought of Him thus, and assumed their idea to be true. Therefore, for this and no better reason, they believe it.

The second kind of belief in God is intellectual. It is based on the supposed proof that the hypothesis of God is necessary to the explanation of the universe. It rests on the kind of argument that Dean C. A. Brown advances in his latest book. He gives three reasons why he believes in God. First, that he can explain the world better on this hypothesis than on any other; second, because God is demanded by the spiritual element in human nature; and third, because Jesus Christ believed in God. This is the nature of the argument theologians have generally advanced. Let any one read the elaborate statement of evidence for the existence of God in the late W. N. Clarke's "Outline of Christian Theology." It is very logical and presumably very sound and covincing, but is it wholly satisfying to any one? Faith here is founded always on an argument concluded, never on truth discovered in life. One can give, as Chancellor MacDowell has suggested, the most complete definition of God, like that of Dr. Clarke—"God is the personal spirit, perfectly good, who in holy love creates, sustains, and orders all"—and yet, even admitting it to be true, it will never meet the need of the man who is seeking for God. These fleshless and bloodless ideas are impotent to make God known. Yea, our confessions and principles of faith that we recite Sunday after Sunday, which advertise what we believe, and show that we have a worthy conception of God—what do they avail for faith? Do they apprehend for us God, the universal Father, or are they words, words, words, to which we can point as our belief, and from which as a premise we can argue most logically?

There is a third kind of belief in God. It is not based upon what we have been taught, nor yet on labored arguments to prove His existence, but on what we have met in our own life. As H. G. Wells—from whom, though an adventurer in the field of religion, we can learn something—says: "Modern religion bases its knowledge of God and account of Him entirely on experience. It has encountered God. It does not argue about Him. It relates." What he tries to do is to show that God is intimately related to our daily life—not the bogy of the nursery, or the revengeful, jealous God of the traditionalist, not the omnipotent infinite spirit of the philosophers, but God as youth, courage, love—and that men, who as agnostics or atheists deny Him, really depend on Him.

The trouble is, we are governed by the traditions and attitudes of the past. We are looking for the manifestation of God's presence in some unusual or remarkable occurrence, not in the acts and experiences of our common life. But if God is immanent in the world—"closer than breathing, nearer than hands and feet"—unless He is always hidden from man, there ought to be some evidence to man's consciousness that God is present. We say to man's consciousness; we mean, not something he has seen or learned through scientific study, or been able to trace in the history of the world, as in Bunsen's "God in History," but something he has experienced personally and knows from within.

Our answer, then, to the question, Is there a real higher power—God? is that God is always in His heaven, always accessible, not simply to you or me, but to every one, in all places and at all times. *We* have found Him and had His help, though we may not have thus interpreted the experience.

> "Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
> We Sinais climb, and know it not."

Consider it first from the personal standpoint: When we rise to a higher plane, to heaven, if you will (heaven is always above, up, higher), in aspiration or sincere prayer for good; when in meditation on great truths or noble thoughts we are uplifted; when in communion with royal souls directly or through biographies, we are stirred by the touch of something nobler and holier; when in the joy of unselfish human service—"where love is, God is"—we feel that thrill and contact of diviner life—the common and impressive fact in these experiences is that we have touched the level where we always find greater power; a tide of energy sweeps in and strengthens all our nobler nature. Ignoble action is then impossible. The fact that it is *in* us does not do away with its reality as Power. But when we do not confer with this spirit, when we refuse to ascend to the uplands where this Power (God?) is always found, His might known—then we do mean, contemptible things, heartless acts of which we are ever ashamed. This power is what we mean by God. Some may challenge this interpretation; but whether they do or do not, they can not deny the significance of the experience. This, moreover, is true for all others as well as for ourselves. It is a fact of universal experience, voiced not simply in the Bible, but in all literature. The testimony has been given in all ages, by all people, that when they take the upward way to higher planes of thought and life by means of noble resolution, aspiration, or the like, they always find strength and power. There is perhaps no finer illustration in literature, because true to life, than the memorable scene in Enoch Arden, when Enoch returns and finds, after thirteen years of absence, cast away on a desert island, that his wife, long faithful, had at last yielded to the entreaties of his rival, and married him. He learns the truth from an old woman in the village, and at night steals up to their home and looks in through the lighted window. There as he looked upon the happy scene within, he knelt and prayed—

> "Thou,
> That didst uphold me on my lonely isle,
> Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness
> A little longer! aid me, give me strength
> Not to tell her, never to let her know."

That was a magnificent acts of self-abnegation that found the diviner man in him as it stirs it in us. As the poet adds,

> "He was not all unhappy. His resolve
> Upbore him."

This is the resource that is open to every one. "We are all tall enough to reach God's hand, the angels are no taller." This is the power that men have universally met in their experience. This is the reason, moreover, we are able to worship, feel the contagion

of a common aspiration, go to the throne of grace *together*, find strength to help in time of need. In the light of this revelation of the one power thus available to every man, we can appreciate many of the old confessions, found notably in the psalms. They testify to the spiritual help found in God. They are witnesses of experience. They do not contain theology, they declare what men have *learned* in their own life. Read them from this standpoint. The best of them do not tell so much of physical help, of enemies warded off, danger averted, as of a *spiritual resource* they have found in God in times of need. They are the soul's confession.

Now it does not matter what we call this power. The name is a secondary matter. The fact of its reality is what we need to perceive. It is true when one seeks to assure himself that God is a reality in his own experience, there comes a doubt. Is God anything more than a creation of our own mind? God is our ideal—what we hold to be noblest and best, what, therefore, we revere and honor. This, it is argued, is what we really worship. We make God in our own image. So we all have a God differing according to our conception of what is highest and best. Hence the inference—God is not any absolute objective fact which exists without us as well as within us. He is purely relative. The God in whom I believe, it is said, is the manufacture of my own intellect and exists there in my mind, and outside my mind God is not. There is some truth in this criticism which we shall point out further on, but it is well to note that even in our personal ideals each one may find God, experience this power. My ideal belongs to me, that of another to him, but the *ideal itself belongs to the realm of things above our ordinary life.* When we rise to its plane, and especially see it embodied in life, so that we can appreciate its worth and dwell and commune with it, then we feel its inspiration—it is uplifting and ennobling and enabling. It declares the same truth—that there is *always* strength for us all on these higher altitudes of our common life. So long as we stay down on the lower levels of life in our reading, in our personal associations, in our thinking, we always lack the will and power to do the good, and are easy victims to meanness, lust and selfishness. But here is a store of divine energy—God—available to all.

> "'Tis only heaven that is given away,
> 'Tis only God can be had for the asking."

There is much more to be said about this, but we reserve it for the next article.

Our Prayers Together

(A Page Inspired by the Christ Crusade)

BY permission of Little, Brown & Co., publishers, we print a page of devotions this week from "Daily Strength for Daily Needs," a copyright book sold at $1.35 net. Of it the *Christian Register* recently said this:

> That little book of devotional readings the papers referred to, that Woodrow Wilson kept conveniently on a study table, was "Daily Strength for Daily Needs." It was compiled by a lady of a noted Unitarian family, Mrs. Mary W. Tileston of Boston, sister of Henry Wilder Foote, one-time minister of King's Chapel. The simple fact needs but to be mentioned to kindle the imagination. Why was this man great? The source of all power is spiritual, and the means to spirituality are in quietness, in the "formidable brevity" of Scripture and the kindred sayings of modern seers. Woodrow Wilson was a minister's son. Every writing of the statesman is instinct with religion. That was his power and that is the secret of his immortality.

Saturday, April 5

Each year on the anniversary of his birth (Dec. 28) he read this:

Now the God of peace. . . make you perfect in every good work, to do his will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ. —Heb. 13 : 20, 21.

Be ready to every good work.—Titus 3 : 1.

> So, firm in steadfast hope, in thought secure,
> In full accord to all Thy world of joy,
> May I be nerved to labors high and pure,
> And Thou Thy child to do Thy work employ.
>
> *J. Sterling.*

Be with God in thy outward works, refer them to Him, offer them to Him, seek to do them in Him and for Him, and He will be with thee in them, and they shall not hinder, but rather invite His presence in thy soul. Seek to see Him in all things, and in all things He will come nigh to thee.—*E. B. Pusey.*

Nothing less than the majesty of God, and the powers of the world to come, can maintain the peace and sanctity of our homes, the order and serenity of our minds, the spirit of patience and tender mercy in our hearts. Then will even the merest drudgery of duty cease to humble us, when we transfigure it by the glory of our own spirit.

Sunday, April 6

On the morning of the day he was nominated for the Presidency (July 3) he turned to this, not knowing what the day would bring forth:

He shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities.—Psa. 130 : 8.

> Be it according to Thy word;
> Redeem me from a l sin;
> My heart would now receive Thee, Lord,
> Come in, my Lord, come in!
>
> *C. Wesley.*

When you wake, or as soon as you are dressed, offer up your whole self to God, soul and body, thoughts and purposes and desires, to be for that day what He wills. Think of the occasions of the sin likely to befall you, and go, as a child, to your Father which is in heaven, and tell Him in childlike, simple words, your trials—in some such simple words as these: "Thou knowest, good Lord, that I am tempted to (then name the temptations to it, and the ways in

which you sin, as well as you know them). But, good Lord, for love of Thee, I would this day keep wholly from all (naming the sin) and be very (naming the opposite grace). I will not, by Thy grace, do one (N) act, or speak one (N) word, or give one (N) look, or harbor one (N) thought in my soul. If Thou allow any of these temptations to come upon me this day, I desire to think, speak, and do only what Thou willest. Lord, without Thee I can do nothing; with Thee I can do all."—*E.B. Pusey.*

Monday, April 7

On the day he was inaugurated (March 4) and the day he said good-by to Harding at the Capitol and dragged himself to his car, he had this page to strengthen him:

But the souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and there shall no torment touch them. In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die: and their departure is taken for misery, and their going from us to be utter destruction: but they are in peace.—Wisdom of Solomon 3 : 1-3.

> But souls that of His own good life partake,
> He loves as His own self; dear as His eye
> They are to Him: He'll never them forsake:
> When they shall die, then God Himself shall die;
> They live, they live in blest eternity.
>
> *Henry More.*

Though every good man is not so logically subtle as to be able by fit mediums to demonstrate his own immortality, yet he sees it in a higher light; his soul, being purged and enlightened by true sanctity, is more capable of those divine irradiations, whereby it feels itself in conjunction with God. It knows that God will never forsake His own life which He hath quickened in it; He will never deny those ardent desires of a blissful fruition of Himself, which the lively sense of His own goodness hath excited within it: those breathings and gaspings after an internal participation of Him are but the energy of His own breath within us; if He had had any mind to destroy it, He would never have shown it such things as He hath done.—*Dr. John Smith.*

Tuesday, April 8

On the day he went up to Congress to make his great address and lead the nation into war (April 2) this was the reading:

Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?—1 Cor. 3 : 16.

> Father! replenish with Thy grace
> This longing heart of mine;
> Make it Thy quiet dwelling-place,
> Thy sacred inmost shrine!
>
> *Johann Scheffler.*

Wednesday, April 9

On Armistice Day (Nov. 11) he had the following:

Walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, being fruitful in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God; strengthened with all might, according to his glorious power, unto all patience and long-suffering with joyfulness.—Col. 1 : 10, 11.

> To be the thing we seem,
> To do the thing we deem
> Enjoined by duty;
> To walk in faith, nor dream
> Of questioning God's scheme
> Of truth and beauty.
>
> *Anon.*

To shape the whole Future is not our problem; but only to shape faithfully a small part of it, according to rules already known. It is perhaps possible for each of us, who will with due earnestness inquire, to ascertain clearly what he, for his own part, ought to do; this let him, with true heart, do, and continue doing. The general issue will, as it has always done, rest well with a Higher Intelligence than ours. This day thou knowest ten commanded duties, seest in thy mind ten things which should be done for one that thou doest! *Do* one of them; this of itself will show thee ten others which can and shall be done.—*T. Carlyle.*

Thursday, April 10

On the morning of the opening of the Peace Conference in Paris (Jan. 18) he turned in order to this:

Thou shalt rejoice in every good thing which the Lord thy God hath given unto thee.—Deut. 26 : 11.

Rejoice evermore. In everything give thanks.—I Thess. 5 : 16, 18.

> Grave on thy heart each past "red-letter day!"
> Forget not all the sunshine of the way
> By which the Lord hath led thee, answered prayers,
> And joys unasked, strange blessings, lifted cares,
> Grand promise-echoes! Thus thy life shall be
> One record of His love and faithfulness to thee.
>
> *F. R. Havergal.*

Gratitude consists in a watchful, minute attention to the particulars of our state, and to the multitude of God's gifts, taken one by one. It fills us with a consciousness that God loves and cares for us, even to the least event and smallest need of life. It is a blessed thought, that from our childhood God has been laying His fatherly hands upon us, and always in benediction; that even the strokes of His hands are blessings, and among the chiefest we have ever received. When this feeling is awakened, the heart beats with a pulse of thankfulness. Every gift has its return of praise. It awakens an unceasing daily converse with our Father—He speaking to us by the descent of blessings, we to Him by the ascent of thanksgiving. And all our whole life is thereby drawn under the light of His countenance, and is filled with a gladness, serenity, and peace which only thankful hearts can know.—*H.E. Manning.*

Friday, April 11

On Jan. 31, the last day he was about the house before the fatal seizure, this was the reading:

In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.—Prov. 3 : 6.

He leadeth me.—Psa. 23 : 2.

> In "pastures green?" Not always; sometimes He
> Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me
> In weary ways, where heavy shadows be.

So, when on the hill-tops high and fair
I dwell, or in the sunless valleys, where
The shadows lie, what matter? He is there.
Henry H. Barry.

The Shepherd knows what pastures are best for His sheep, and they must not question nor doubt, but trustingly follow Him. Perhaps He sees that the best pastures for some of us are to be found in the midst of opposition or of earthly trials. If He leads you there, you may be sure they are green for you, and you will grow and be made strong by feeding there. Perhaps He sees that the best waters for you to walk beside will be raging waves of trouble and sorrow. If this should be the case, He will make them still waters for you, and you must go and lie down beside them, and let them have all their blessed influences upon you.—*H. W. Smith.*

Prayer for Each Morning

O Lord our God, who turnest into morning the shadows of night, grant that we may be children of the light and of the day. Let the sun of Thy righteousness shine in our hearts. Enlighten our reason, make clear our conscience, and purify our affections. We give ourselves to Thee this day, beseeching Thee so to rule and govern us by Thy spirit that faithless distrust and all evil thoughts may be driven from our minds; that we may walk with joy in the light of Thy countenance and in the way of Thy salvation. *Amen.*

Cruising Around These United States

XVI Tramping Up "Big Blue"

John van Schaick, Jr.

NOT the "Big Blue" of Maine, nor the "Big Blue" of Maryland, nor of half a hundred other places, but the "Big Blue" of the Blue Hills, eight or ten miles out of Boston, is what I am writing about now.

Time, Saturday, March 15, 1924, a bright, cold winter day. Characters, myself and millions of others in the offing. *Raison d'etre,* a Saturday half-holiday, the call of the wild, and a primeval urge. And so to my story.

A few weeks ago I was strolling around Boston streets after dinner and chanced upon the exhibition of the Boston Society of Landscape Architects. Going in and looking at maps, city plans, beautiful pictures of parks and gardens, I heard hand-clapping, followed it up and found myself at the back end of a darkened hall where an interesting old gentleman was lecturing on the growth of the great park system of Boston and the surrounding country. The pictures of Lynn Woods, Revere Beach, Charles River Basin, Mystic River, Middlesex Fells, the Fens, the Arnold Arboretum, the Blue Hills, and a score of other parks, were a revelation to me of the amazing variety and the great extent of the natural scenery about Boston preserved for the use of the people.

What the lecturer said about the men and women who had toiled to bring it all about was thrilling, although he was far from a thrilling or eloquent speaker. He spoke especially of Frederick Law Olmsted and of Charles Eliot, the talented son of President Eliot, who died at thirty-seven, but whose life was so wonderfully rich and productive. These men and others had seen beauty, recognized its practical value to the growing city, and had given their lives to making others see and save for posterity.

The lecturer showed a picture of the memorial to Charles Eliot in the Blue Hills reservation, also a picture of Eliot himself, and referred to President Eliot's biography of his dead son as one of the best histories of the development of landscape architecture and gardening, and as one of the noble biographies which will survive.

Coming up from Washington on the Federal Express a few days later, I looked out of my berth and saw an abrupt hill crowned with an observatory off a mile or two to the right, and was told that it was Blue Hill. The station we flashed by was Readville, ten miles out of Boston to the southwest.

I looked it up and found that the Blue Hills reservation comprises 3,953 acres, that it was taken over by the Metropolitan Park Commission in 1893, that it is the largest park near Boston, and "the largest recreation ground of any American city," that it is five miles long, from one to one and one-half miles wide, and takes in the entire Blue Hills range, that these hills are the first land seen from sea, the highest land on the coast between Agamenticus in Maine and Mexico, that Captain John Smith, of Virginia fame, named the hills "Massachusetts," after an Indian tribe, and that the hills gave name to the bay, the bay to the colony and the colony to the commonwealth of to-day.

I found further that Mr. Charles Eliot, as landscape architect to the preliminary metropolitan park commission, called these Blue Hills "a park such as any king would be proud to call his own, a public forest possessed of vastly finer scenery than any of the great public woods of Paris can show, a recreation ground far surpassing in its refreshing value even London's Epping Forest."

Back before railroads, taverns attracted summer visitors to this region, especially the Cherry Tavern, famous for parties in cherry time. Harvard boys tramped the hills, and way back in the time of the American Revolution a beacon stood on Big Blue.

There were no cherries or cherry blossoms to-day. A nipping wind blew down from the north. The sun, gaining in power every day, struggled valiantly to warm things up, but the masses of icy air from Labrador were too much for him. It was a cold day.

I took the 1.30 p. m. train from the South Station to Mattapan. At Savin's Hill, Field's Corner, Shawmut, site of the first settlement, Milton and various stops in Dorchester we let out most of the half-holiday crowd. At Cedar Grove with its big cemetery and its little pond, we swung to the west. Here I saw how coated with snow the bare trees were on the northeast side from the last storm. With sun and tree trunks and North Star why are we so afraid of getting lost in the woods?

Hurrying over the little bridge at Mattapan, I caught the 2 p. m. Brush Hill bus, apparently waiting around for this Saturday only train.

The driver and conductor both in one, a solid built, red-faced, bluff, friendly man, seemed to know everybody. The old ladies all bowed courteously as they climbed in and children smiled at him. One little girl about eight he called Margaret, and warned her about the right path when she got off. It was a friendly bus. The driver gave it "atmosphere." And little Margaret, with fair skin, brown eyes, light brown hair, russet brown shoes and stockings, a butternut brown coat with seal brown neck piece, a dark brown felt hat tied with golden brown ribbons, made a picture as she picked her way off under the brown trees, perhaps to call on her old grandmother.

We passed lovely country houses and a few big country estates on the roads called Blue Hill and Canton Avenues. It apparently was the road to Providence and trucks and other cars were as numerous as on the Boston Post Road.

Just an hour out of the South Station my bus driver stopped at "the beginning of the trail" up Big Blue, collected my quarter and told me he passed going back on the half hour.

The observer on Blue Hill had told my secretary over the telephone that one would need snow-shoes to go up to-day. And I thought so when I faced it. The park benches were buried under drifts and the souvenir post-card place was locked up and deserted. In a moment I was in the woods in deep snow, and for ten minutes I was inclined to think I had tackled more than I wanted. Then I struck a track through the snow, one step wide. It was like balancing on a tight rope, but it helped. It is only 635 feet to the summit, a walk of hardly a mile, but admirable exercise on a cold winter day in the snow. Up I went, under the bare birches and beeches, past clumps of pines half buried under snow, over occasional easy places where the wind had partly blown the snow away, by little spring holes where the ground was soft and the trickling water sang of spring, by rocks jutting out, by open places where I began to look off, until at last just above me I saw the observatory.

I was standing by a memorial tablet and the inscription was:

"In Memory of Abbott Lawrence Rotch,
Founder and Director of Blue Hill Observatory,
Pioneer in the Study of the Upper Air,
A Life Devoted to Science for the Good of Mankind."

Such an inscription and the memory of such a life are as stimulating and invigorating as the pure, cold north wind.

Perhaps we do wrong to argue with the so-called fundamentalists. If we could only take them tramping and camping and put them on a selected "five foot shelf" of biography perhaps we would get them to see big things big and small things small.

And the view! I approach description with diffidence. Besides, it has been written up innumerable times, and how few of us can make one great view stand out from another. If it isn't what you have read, remember that no two days are alike.

To-day it was a winter scene—snow fields and the white surfaces of little lakes, at times dazzling. Everywhere in it brown woods and wooded hills. From Big Blue one looks off in a complete circle—"from the mountains of New Hampshire to the hills of Rhode Island," they say, "down to Plymouth, up to Cape Ann and far out to sea."

The first impression was the peace, quietness, even solitude of the view. Far away stretched the white lakes and fields in every direction. Far off rose the dark quiet hills. Only in the bracing wind was there movement. The ocean off to the east and south seemed quiet too, although the newspapers in my pocket told of terrible storms and awful wrecks close by where I was looking. The sun shone full on distant white lighthouses along the coast. To the south, west and northwest, the sky was blue, with only cold, thin, pale, misty clouds now and then to partly hide the sun and blue. But off toward Boston the sky was dark and threatening until you realized it was a smoke pall hanging over the city.

As one looked more closely one could see that he was not in a vast wilderness as appeared at first, but in the center of a mighty population. The plain below was cut with roads and railroads. The New York trains left a fleecy trail of steam and smoke as they moved swiftly and silently to and fro. In the smoke clouds toward Boston I now saw dimly stacks, towers and a gas tank. Off in every other direction I began to pick out cities and hamlets. "One hundred and twenty-five cities and towns," this old park guide says, "can be seen from Great Blue."

At least three million people were spread out before me, but not a solitary individual did I see.

But here was a reservation saved for all time, which the whole of eastern Massachusetts can reach if they can walk, ride, motor, or produce a trolley and bus fare.

Unfortunately for the poorer people, the trolley lines which formerly ran all the way to the reservation have been put out of business by the motor car.

I had a glorious run down without regard to the trail, smashing the crust, ploughing through drifts, leaping over rocks, starting the circulation and perspiration and digestion and assimilation and turning on all the hidden fountains of optimism in me.

I did not see the Eliot memorial, but I have here a nobler memorial than any tablet or shaft. That is the biography of his father.

To-day at the very hour I stood on Great Blue looking off toward Boston, that father was speaking to the hundreds gathered at the Unitarian Club to honor his ninetieth birthday. To-night the papers are full of the addresses. He is "our first citizen"—in his courage, insight, intellectual gifts and deep religious nature, a wonder to most of us. But he never did a more moving and at the same time restrained piece of work than in this biography of his dead son.

His long life stands in striking contrast to the thirty-seven short years of his boy's, but what years both have lived. With what discrimination and sympathy the father tells the story and with what consummate art he lets the letters, journals, and contemporary records narrate their own story of his son's life.

"Charles Eliot," says the title page, "Landscape

Architect, a Lover of Nature and of His Kind, Who Trained Himself for a New Profession, Practised It Happily and Through It Wrought Much Good."

And on the page of dedication he wrote: "For the dear son who died in his bright prime, from the father."

Charles Eliot loved his own fireside, but he went out night after night to explain to citizens' associations what the park commission had in mind and why it was important for them and for their children to make these beauty spots.

He was never in rugged health, but he worked often twelve or fourteen hours a day to carry through the trying initial stages these great municipal improvements. His knowledge of the detail of his profession was extraordinary, but it never obscured a statesmanlike vision of the big things of health, happiness and culture for the generations to come.

Our whole job as writers, speakers, preachers, laymen, is to spread the idea symbolized by the Blue Hills Park and by the life of Charles Eliot, that the good of everybody is worth living and dying for, that in so living are the deepest human satisfactions, and that health and beauty are an inseparable part of the common good.

Boston, March 15.

When the Wheels Go 'Round

Orville Knight

HELEN'S babies liked to see "the wheels go 'round." Thousands of other people, never immortalized in literature, have the same passion. The American nation is said to be mad on the subject of organization. In these days of complicated living, how anything could ever get done without organization is difficult to imagine. If one wishes to promote the interests of a political candidate or push a favorite reform, enjoy again the companions of a vacation trip or get one's rights as an individual or an employee, organization is essential. Wheels must go around or we can not tell the time of day nor where we are at any particular hour, still less where we are to be at some future hour.

A church without organization would not be a church. It must have its wheels and the living spirit within them all to give the movement purpose and direction. We are quite right when we applaud the well-organized church with its parent body and all the auxiliaries necessary to meet the needs of different ages and different phases of the task. The only way that organization could ever be anything except a help to the cause of Christ and his Church is when older people revert to the infantile habits of the aforesaid babies and are interested in the movement of the wheels quite apart from the purpose they serve. The long-suffering uncle who stood *in loco parentis* to certain incorrigible infants knew perfectly well when they demanded to "see the wheels go 'round" that their interest stopped with the fascinating movement. They cared nothing at all about telling the time of day. In fact they would not have cared if the watch in question had no face or hands to indicate time at all, if only the wheels were performing their customary antics.

Is there the slightest danger that in our church work we find so much satisfaction in seeing the wheels go around that we forget why they were ever set in motion? Is there a more subtle danger—that we grow so absorbed in the particular arrangement of wheels with which we are familiar that we think nothing can be accomplished except with just that arrangement?

A wise college professor said that a parable should never be forced to go on all fours. Lest we fall into that error, let us drop the figure entirely and ask direct questions. Which are we more interested in, the religious education of children or the success of the Sunday school organization? The training of the young for a life of service or the Young People's Christian Union? The missionary enterprise of the Christian Church or the women's missionary organization of our own denomination? Absurd questions to ask, you say. It is not a matter of *either or*, but of *and*. We are interested in religious education of the young *and* the Sunday school because they are the same thing. The training of young people for a life of service *and* the Young People's Christian Union, the missionary enterprise *and* the W. N. M. A., for the same reason.

Well, what about it? There might be a Sunday school wonderfully equipped with everything modern and pedagogical, proper class-rooms, trained teachers, the best of Sunday school literature, officers who know the last detail of good organization, and yet, nothing but wheels! (There comes that figure again, when we thought we were rid of it.) But listen to the pupils recite their memory passages, watch them draw their maps, gaze at their perfect handwork. Are these, after all, the tests? So far we have just watched the wheels go 'round! Nobody knows whether these children are religiously educated until he discovers what are their habits and ideals. Are they thoughtful of each other and of those in need? Are they reverent and prayerful outside the school as well as in? Are they building a character that will stand against the temptations of the great world? It is only time that can give such tests, time and experience. But before we get too excited about our perfectly moving wheels we need to remember that wheels ought to move for a purpose. In the matter of religious education, that purpose is Christian living. When we hear these hair-raising appeals to realize how many young people in our country are without any religious instruction, and how youthful crime is on the increase, the object always seems to be to induce us to provide more wheels of organization and equipment, as if that would automatically rescue all these young heathen from their lost condition. Surely there is need enough for more Sunday schools and better Sunday schools, but all the Sunday schools in the land will never entirely solve the problems of religious education. There are other elements that go to its making, such as home training and the ex-

ample of the men and women of the community. While the home shirks its job, while men and women give no heed to their influence over the young, while the custom increases of turning the training of the young over entirely to organizations for that purpose, forgetting that every single experience of the child is a real part of his education, it will make comparatively little difference how well the wheels go around. It is so easy to write a check for the support of the Sunday school, so difficult to give thought to the matter of teaching religion to children by our daily conduct in their presence.

Here and there is a church without a Young People's Christian Union for reasons that seem good to those in the church. From time to time the minister of such a church receives a moving appeal to consider how he is neglecting his task of training his young people. Privately he knows he is written down in the books of certain recording angels as derelict to his duty. Yet a visit to his church might reveal some very valuable training of young people. Here is a Sunday school officered and largely taught by girls and boys of Y. P. C. U. age. Watch the earnestness and dignity with which they perform their duties. See how the pupils are trained to take turns in leading the service of worship of the school, even offering their own prayers. Notice how many different aspects of church work and Christian service are included in a year's program of this school. A Teacher Training Class meets at the church on Sunday afternoons, including those young teachers and some of the older pupils, and the minister is the teacher. The discussion is most practical, tying up the points of the chapter assigned in the textbook with the problems of the school itself. After the lesson is over, there is a delay to discuss an entertainment that is on foot, and it is the minister who is showing these young people how to plan their committees and their program. These same young girls who teach in the Sunday school help in the Mission Circle program. They learned how to do it at summer conferences they have attended in company with the minister. Is he, after all, indifferent to the matter of training young people for a life of service? Yet about so often, a letter comes telling him that he is! And just because the special Y. P. C. U. wheels are not going around in that parish.

There are good women in the church who have never discovered that there is any significance in the missionary movement outside the work of their own organization. They condemn at once any person who is not working along Mission Circle lines, as not interested in missions. The purpose of missionary teaching in the Sunday school or the Y. P. C. U. ought to be to make the young familiar with the work of the W. N. M. A.! Mission study means following the course laid down by the Women's Boards. Wheels again!

Missionary education is something so much bigger than any one organization. Happy is our Church because it has the well-organized and efficient women's organization. Their machinery is serving a wonderful purpose in the life of our Church. But it is not the whole of the matter. There are many things our young people ought to know outside the program of the women's organization. There are themes for a missionary Sunday besides the way the W. N. M. A. was born or even the present condition of our work in Japan. The minister who is teaching his people to be broad-minded and intelligent about the work of saving the world, training them in service to those who need, is interested in missionary education and doing something for it even if there is not a wheel in his church that connects up with the traditional missionary machinery.

The real test of a church is not "seeing the wheels go 'round," but rather, "What kind of men and women go out from it?" If they go out to play well their parts in life, it is not important to ask whether all the regulation machinery was there or not. The grown-up estimate of a watch is based on whether it can keep time. If the people of a church are keeping time with the demands of life, we may be quite sure that all the essential machinery is there.

Dr. Sawyer in New York at Ninety-three

Lyman Ward

LATE in the year 1894, I became pastor of the Second Universalist Society of New York City. This was the oldest Universalist organization in the city and was known as the "Sawyer Memorial Church." The church had, some years previous to my coming to New York, sold its building and was worshiping in a hall on 126th Street near Lenox Avenue. The church was weak and the outlook was not reassuring.

After I had been with the parish for a year or two, I began to think about Dr. Thomas J. Sawyer, who had been pastor of the church two different times. His first pastorate began in 1828 or '29 and continued till 1845. After an interim of some years, he held a second notable pastorate with this historic church. I was continually meeting people who had been parishioners of Dr. Sawyer or whose parents or grandparents had been parishioners.

It finally occurred to me to get our parish to give a dinner in honor of Dr. Sawyer. This was in May, 1896. I wrote him at Tufts College to know if he would be our guest at dinner. He wrote back almost at once saying that he would be delighted to come. I had one or two letters from his daughter, Mrs. George T. Knight, with whom he lived. Several of Dr. Sawyer's New York friends wished to entertain him. I remember particularly that Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Stickney had him as their guest, and that he was also a guest of Mr. and Mrs. I. O. Rhines, also Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Yeomans.

On the day the doctor arrived in New York, several of us were at the station to meet him. We expected, of course, to meet Mrs. Knight or her husband, Professor Knight, or some friend of the family who would travel with Dr. Sawyer. Very greatly to our surprise, he seemed to be traveling alone, but when

some member of our party asked him if he came alone, he said "No." He then was asked, "Who came with you?" He replied, "There was a car full of people—I do not seem to remember the name of any individual in the car, but you see I was not alone."

We tried to make the dinner to Dr. Sawyer a memorable event in more ways than one. I was very much in hopes that we really might capitalize Dr. Sawyer, and that his old friends and neighbors would rally to his name and fame, and that we might begin a fund which would ultimately secure us a church building. This part of my program I was fated not to realize. The other matter was to bring together all the ministers of the Metropolitan District and the prominent laymen to meet Dr. Sawyer.

Dr. W. S. Crowe was then settled at Newark. Dr. Crowe was one of the leaders of the liberal wing of our Church, and when I mentioned to Dr. Sawyer that I was going to invite Dr. Crowe, he said with a half chuckle that he wouldn't come. I was nothing daunted and wrote Dr. Crowe asking him to be present and to speak. He wrote promptly that he would not come, and made some unpleasant reference to Dr. Sawyer and other conservatives. I at once replied, telling Dr. Crowe that I had been a great admirer of him for a number of years and that his little paper had been read by myself and my associates during my student days at St. Lawrence. I took occasion to speak of Dr. Sawyer's great age and the honorable position which he occupied. I then said that we would honor ourselves in honoring Dr. Sawyer at the age of ninety-three. I told him that he was too big a man to let this opportunity pass and that I hoped very greatly he would come to Harlem and make a gracious speech. He wrote me promptly saying that he would come, and come he did and he made one of the most touching and beautiful addresses of the evening.

Another speaker was Mrs. M. Louise Thomas. She was somewhat at odds with the Woman's National Missionary organization and had decided to keep aloof from the Universalist Church. I appealed to her loyalty. She swallowed her resentment and came. She made a charming speech and, sitting next to Robert Collyer, she closed her address with a touching recital of "John Anderson, My Jo, John." Dr. Sawyer listened to all the speech-making with a tender smile which seemed to envelop his noble face. Robert Collyer, Dr. Charles H. Eaton, Dr. Edwin C. Bolles, Dr. John Coleman Adams and others spoke. Dr. Sawyer, himself, was very impressive. It was never my privilege to hear him in the days of his prime, but I fancy a good bit of the old-time fire came back to him as he urged his people to use their utmost in the building of a new church. The dinner broke up at a late hour.

The next morning I was greatly concerned lest Dr. Sawyer should be ill, and I went around to where he was being entertained to make inquiries. Dr. Sawyer, I found, had been to breakfast, was in his room and none the worse for wear. Once inside his room, I found him shaving with an old-fashioned razor and using no mirror. He told me that his vision was so poor that he could shave as well without a mirror as he could with one.

I think Dr. Sawyer tarried in New York for two or three weeks. I was under strict promise to Mrs. Knight that I would go with him wherever he went. I remember going with him to Peekskill, where he had a son living. He went to Barnum's circus in Madison Square Garden without me and when some one asked what excuse he could render for going to the circus, as he had no children, he said he went because he wanted to see the "greatest show on earth." Dr. Sawyer talked with me no little about his old haunts in lower New York, and he did wish he could go down to Ann Street and Orchard Street. Dr. Sawyer was at that time editor of the *Ambassador*—a religious church paper published in New York. His New York friends, especially Mrs. Stickney and Mrs. Rhines, were very much opposed to his taking this trip into the lower part of the great city. I, however, conspired with him and we planned that on a certain day we should go down to Ann Street. So one morning, on some pretext, we left the residence of his host for the day and took the elevated down town. As we were slowly climbing the stairs at the elevated station, a certain brand of baking powder was advertised on each stair. Dr. Sawyer said, "I wish this baking powder would 'rise' me to the top of these stairs." When we got down town, I engaged a two-wheeled carriage, a hansom, and we began driving slowly through the streets that Dr. Sawyer knew so well more than sixty years before. He seemed to have a peculiar vision. He could read only with the greatest difficulty, but he could see across the street or objects ahead of him well enough so that he got great pleasure out of the ride. After two or three hours of threading our way through the crowded East Side, we went to the old Astor House for lunch, and after the meal Dr. Sawyer went into one of the public parlors and lay down on a couch for perhaps an hour. We then came up to 59th Street and drove all about Central Park, finally bringing up at the place where Dr. Sawyer was staying.

That day's ride I can never forget. I should like to tell many of the incidents which Dr. Sawyer related to me. Perhaps space will be allowed me for two. Long before the days of railroads, Dr. Sawyer was to dedicate a church at Norwich, Connecticut, and he was to reach Norwich by boat. Through some mistake the hour of the sailing of the boat was earlier than Dr. Sawyer had supposed, so when he went to the wharf to take passage he found the boat had gone some time before. I asked him what he did. "Why," said he, "I took the boat the next day." He told me his audience were waiting for him when he arrived and that, finding that he was not on the boat the day before, his friends knew he would be on the boat the next day. How slow going were those days!

In 1831 or '32 New York was visited by the dreadful scourge of cholera. Everybody that could do so left the city. Dr. and Mrs. Sawyer prepared to go. Just as they were leaving their home, some friend accosted Dr. Sawyer and said, "I am sorry you are leaving. If we ever need you, we need you now." Dr. Sawyer thereupon decided to remain in the city, and his services were greatly appreciated. He told me of a certain minister of the Orthodox persuasion who had been very pronounced in his opposition to

Universalism and who professed to be a Christian. This particular minister, however, according to Dr. Sawyer, was among the very first to flee the city.

Dr. Sawyer's handwriting at ninety-three was like copper-plate. He was a remarkable man, and among many cherished memories of my life in New York City there are none more pleasant than my days with Dr. Sawyer at the age of ninety-three!

Trouble on Tory Hill

A Play for Amateurs by Frank Oliver Hall

Interlude

We hope by this time you're convinced that man has some backbone,
That the world is not yet subject to the *Woman* all alone.
These five to prove that they were men have romped and stomped and snorted,
As you have seen, and to their homes have manfully departed.
But now, alas, the sad, sad truth must for you be enacted.
We hate to show you what comes next, it drives us near distracted,
But facts are facts, and truth is truth, so listen if you can
With tearless eyes to the sorry tale of the cowardice of *Man*.

Act II

Same Place, Same Persons, Three Hours Later.

(Subdued noise heard in entry as if some one was trying to enter quietly but tumbling over himself. Latch rattles. Enter C. B. cautiously with a lantern. All lanterns should be arranged so as to be suddenly darkened. Each person as he enters must have a lantern, but each must be instantly darkened when the owner hears some one coming.)

C. B. (Creeps carefully up main aisle, fumbles over pile of carpets, selects one piece, takes it to a pew, produces hammer and tacks, disappears below pew, hammers. Suddenly cries, "Ouch!" Stands up quickly, bumping head. Cries "Ouch!" more emphatically. Drops hammer on toe, yells "Ouch!" still more emphatically, and then while standing on one foot, with a finger in his mouth and the other hand on back of his head, hears the latch rattling at the door, cries "Sufferin' snakes!" disappears below the pew, extinguishes lantern as door opens and in comes J. S., also with great caution.)

J. S. (Walks down aisle, fumbles with carpets, selects one, and producing hammer and tacks disappears in another pew. Sound of tacking. Light grows dim. Muttering from pew, "Consarn ye, why don't ye burn!" Scuffling and scraping, stands up with lantern, shakes it, glares at it. "Oil pretty nigh gone. Have to hurry or won't have any light," and is about to get down again when his attention is attracted by rattling of latch. "Gosh all hemlock!' Disappears below pew and light is extinguished. Enter H. F. same as others.)

H. F. (Selects his carpet, picks out his pew, produces hammer, and is about to subside when he also hear fumbling at latch, mutters "Jeru-sa-lem the Golden!" and disappears below pew, extinguishing light. Enter E. S.)

E. S. (Carrying lantern and piece of matting. Goes to platform, picks up the piece of matting there, measures the piece in his hands by it, inspects the hole burned in matting, mutters "Dum fool performance I calls it, dum fool." Produces hammer and is about to kneel in a pew when his attention is attracted by noise at door. He disappears as the others have, extinguishing lantern, and exclaiming "Moses and Aaron!" Enter Deacon.)

Deacon. (With great dignity, and yet not altogether with confidence, walks down the aisle, silk hat straight upon head, lantern stiffly before him, hammer held like a policeman's baton. He goes to the platform, holds his lantern ahead of him, examines the one piece of carpet remaining, pokes it over with hammer, glares at it, and exclaims, "What's this? What's this? Only one piece of carpet? There should be five. There is something extremely mysterious about this. Has some one feloniously entered this edifice and unrighteously appropriated these remnants to his own personal requirements? Extremely mysterious!" As he speaks the four rise in unison from beneath their respective pews and in chorus cry, "Dekin.")

Deacon. From murder and sudden death good Lord, deliver us! (Turns and faces his fellow members and they all glare at each other in amazed silence. The Deacon is first to recover his ability to speak.) Fellow members of the Standing Committee of this edifice, I request you to resume your places upon this platform and explain. (They file into their places as before, the Deacon in the center chair.) Now, Brother Burbank, will you be kind enough to explain as lucidly as possible your presence here in this unseemly hour?

C. B. Sure I will. You see, I went right home after we had ripped up the carpets and the very fust thing Abbie said to me was, "Where you been?" "Oh, just down to the village," says I. "What you been doin'?" says she. "Well, there was a special meetin' of the Standin' Committee," says I. "What for?" says she. "Now, Abbie," says I, "the business was private. You ain't no member of the Standin' Committee anyway." "I'm the wife of one," says she. "What did you meet for?" "For business," says I. "What business?" says she. By that time I was getting pretty mad, and I just up and told her the whole thing, told her how we had ripped up the carpets and everything. When I was through she just went and got a hammer and a paper of tacks and handed 'em toward me and said, "You're goin' right back to tack that carpet where you found it." "I ain't," says I. "You be," says she, and with that she begun to talk just as fast as she could gabble. She told me every mean thing I had done and every mean thing I had said since the world begun, and a good many things I never done and never thought of doin'. She raked up things I supposed was dead and forgot long ago. "Abbie," I yelled, "please stop." "I won't," she said, "I'll keep on talkin' till I drop dead or that carpet is nailed down." Well, I couldn't stand any more and here I be.

Deacon. Well, Brother Sawyer, how did you happen to return?

J. S. Well, you see it was my wife that made the doughnuts and passed 'em round in the contribution basket. I was so peeved about that I up and accused her, and she got the whole thing out of me just as Abbie got it out of Cy. "All right," said she, "no more doughnuts for you just as long as you live." Now I ain't et breakfast without a doughnut for twenty years. No one in the world can make doughnuts like my wife can. "No more doughnuts for you," said she, "never no more, unless you mog right back and nail that carpet down just as you found it." Now I can't live without doughnuts, so I mogged and here I be.

Deacon. Brother Fenderson, may we have the pleasure of listening to your experience?

H. F. Hope it will be more pleasin' to you than it was to me. Ain't much to tell. Virginia got it out of me just as Abbie got hers from Cy. When she learned what we had done she just begun to cry. I hate to hear a woman cry. She never said a thing, just kep' on cryin'. I told you I ain't been to bed till after nine o'clock for three nights runnin', and I needed my sleep. I tried not to notice her and go to bed and to sleep. No good, she just lay there and sobbed and cried and moaned 'sif she was dyin'. Sleep? Not a wink. "Virginia," said I, "will you stop cryin'?" I'll stop when that carpet is nailed back in place," said she, "and not one minute before." Well—so here I be.

Deacon. And now, Brother Sargent, will you relate your adventure?

E. S. Well, you see my wife was the one who nailed down

that mattin'. I was powerful upset by the sight and smell of that hole burned in the piece of mattin'. What Hi there said about smokin' cigareets just kep' a-goin' over and over in my mind. So when I got home I tried to investigate a little. I went to Emeline's work basket and begun to smell around for cigareets. "What you smellin'?" said she. "Oh, nothin' much," said I. "If there's anythin' to smell you ought to smell it," said she, "with that nose of yours." Well sir, I admit I got mad. I'm sensitive about my nose. So I up and told her my suspicions, and how I come to suspish. She never said anythin' till she had her hat and coat on and her tooth brush and comb in her hand bag. Then she said, as calm as you please, "I'm goin' home to Ma. You'll find food in the pantry. I'll come back when you have gone up to the attic and dug out a new piece of mattin', and nailed it down under our pew, and apologized to me for the insultin' words you've spoke, and not a minute before." With that out she went. I stood it about an hour in the doggonedest lonesomest house you ever see, and so here I be.

All Four. Well, Dekin, it's your turn to confess.

Deacon. Not much to tell. You see my wife had been down to the store and she happened to meet Brother Sargent's wife as she was going across the street to her mother's, and Emeline told her all that had happened. She came home as soon as she heard. She just went to the looking-glass and puckered herself up, as gentle and sweet as she was the day we was married. I saw her from behind the paper I was trying to read. Then she came and sat down on the arm of the chair. She isn't much bigger than a child, you know. She just reached over and put her arm around my neck and said, "Dear old Deacon, I know all about it. And I know that good and kind husband who promised to love and cherish me at the marriage altar would never have done such a thing as you were reported to have done if he had not been urged to do it by his low-minded associates."

All Four. Heh? Well, I swan! Sufferin' snakes! Moses and Aaron!

Deacon. So here I am. Well, fellow members of the Standing Committee, or rather the husbands of the wives of the members of the Standing Committee of this religious edifice, I guess we had better get busy. (With obviously assumed cheerfulness.) Present hammers!

(They present hammers and file in military formation each to his pew. Business of tacking down carpets. Then each falls in and all march, with the Deacon at the head of the procession, to the door. "Night, Dekin," "Night, Jim," "Night, Eph," "Good night, gentlemen.")

E. S. Say, Cy, don't give all the brimstone to your hens. Swaller some yourself. Remind you —

C. B. Oh you get out!

Curtain.

* * *

COMMUNICATIONS

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

Permit me to express my appreciative interest in your recent editorial comment to the effect that the United States Senators who suppress in committee all matters referring to official international co-operation by America should be decisively defeated at the polls.

In that connection it may be realized that Senators Lodge, Brandegee, Moses, Reed and Hiram Johnson are not candidates this year, as they have been re-elected since 1918.

Following the memorable election of 1918, the Republicans controlled the Senate by a margin of one vote and the Foreign Relations Committee was thoroughly "packed" against continued organized co-operation with our Allies of the war.

To thus "pack" that vital committee and thereby block any action looking to the League of Nations or the World Court, reliance was placed on Senator Newberry of Michigan, who has since been convicted of a penitentiary offense, and on Senator Fall of New Mexico, who has more recently met a hiatus in public life.

Apparently, only the election of an Executive and several supporting Senators on the issue of further international co-operation can overcome the dominance of the party "irreconcilables" on the Foreign Relations Committee.

Presumably that is the objective of the non-partisan organization headed by former Justice John H. Clarke, and to that end will index every candidate for Executive and Senatorial office.

A. N. Foster.

Norwich, Ct.

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To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

I have an interesting compliment for you. The manager of the Y. M. C. A. here in Halifax told me the other day that no other magazine or periodical on the reading table in the Y. M. C. A. reading room is so eagerly sought or so diligently read as the *Universalist Leader*. He said it is full of the best material conceivable. Well, this should be encouraging. If the world do move, I guess we are doing our share of the pushing.

Oluf Tandberg.

Halifax, N. S.

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MORE ABOUT SUFFERING GERMANY

In a short catechism on German Relief issued to thousands of clergy the Committee on Mercy and Relief of the Federal Council of Churches answers objections and queries regarding the campaign to save starving children of that country. Practically all questions boil down to five, which are tersely answered.

The catechism is as follows:

First: Would not a relief campaign for the Germans be interpreted as taking sides in the political struggle between France and Germany?

In the words of the *Tacoma Ledger:* Whether one is pro-French or pro-German or simply indifferent to the squabbles of Europe, he can not remain indifferent to this movement, because every good red-blooded American is always emphatically pro-children.

Second: Is there not enough food in Germany if it were properly distributed?

Even in the height of its prosperity Germany, being chiefly an industrial nation, had to rely upon imports for a considerable part of its food supply.

To confiscate the grain would only make matters worse, as the experience of Russia has shown.

Third: Did not the Germans bring the disaster on themselves?

Those who will suffer most—the little children—were in no way responsible for the tragedy.

Fourth: Should we help those with whom we have just been at war?

As an American citizen, recall the laconic reply of Major General Henry T. Allen, commander of the American forces on the Rhine, that the American people do not believe in making war on children.

Fifth: What are the Germans who are able to help doing to relieve their own needy people?

According to the reports of the American Friends Service Committee, about fifty per cent of the funds being administered through their agency in Germany (the *Deutscher Central Ausschuss*) are provided by the German Government. In addition to this

official help generous responses are being made by the people of Germany. Similar statements are made by the National Lutheran Council concerning its relief work.

The Rev. Dr. Ernest Lyman Mills is directing the campaign for the churches, which are backing the appeal of General Allen's committee. The Rev. Dr. Chauncey W. Goodrich, pastor of the American Church in Paris during the war, is associate director. The offices of the Federal Council of Churches are at 105 East 22d St., New York City.

The *New York Times* article of Feb. 27 by Prof. Jeremiah Jenks relative to present conditions in Germany is quoted in full in the letter sent to the pastors of America by the Federal Council of Churches supporting its effort to obtain funds for the starving German children.

Professor Jenks points out that conditions in Germany are much worse now than they were when he visited Germany last fall. He also answers the question raised by many concerning the contributions that are being made by Stinnes, Thyssen and other wealthy people and industrial leaders in Germany.

A letter to the *Times* from the Federal Council acknowledges that Dr. Jenks' statement in the *Times* has been helpful in correcting inaccurate rumors concerning the need in Germany and what the German Government and people are doing to improve their own situation.

* * *

DEAN SPERRY ON THE GOOD SAMARITAN

The point of the story of the Good Samaritan lies not in the fact that we are presented with two hard and unkind men, and then with a third man who was gentle and kind, declared Dean Willard L. Sperry in his final Lenten service at Trinity Church, Boston. Any three men might divide themselves that way. The point of the story does lie in the fact that the two men who were hard and unkind were the two men from whom kindness and normality might be expected, while the third man was the one from whom it might least be expected.

"Suppose you wish to tell a story," said Dean Sperry, "which would illustrate the meaning of Christianity, and for that story have to find a hero. Dismiss the possible heroes who might first suggest themselves to you. Think of some man who stands entirely outside your own immediate Christian circle, a man who is the member of some church which you do not understand and of which your fellow churchmen disapprove, a man who has been separated from your kind of Christianity by a division that is hundreds of years old. Find this man in another race, preferably a member of what your fellow citizens would call an inferior race. Then bring that man into your story and make him the hero of the Christian incident, and you will have something of the startling quality of the parable of the Good Samaritan.

"This Samaritan has been received into our circles by this time. He has become acclimated, has been domesticated and exploited in conventional circles. His name has been lent to a thousand charities and philanthropies the world over. He has been canonized for his far-off good works. But the truth of him is, that when he first appeared on the scene he was the most improbable exemplar of Christianity whom Jesus could have conceived. A good Roman would have been intelligible. A good Egyptian would have been intelligible. But a good Samaritan, no! That cut too deep and asked too much. For the promise of this daring story is the simple statement and axiom of those days that the Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans. It was only a little while before this story is found in St. Luke's Gospel that Jesus had passed through Samaria on his way to Jerusalem and the Samaritans would not receive him, for his face was as though he would go to Jerusalem. Perhaps Jesus had just that in mind when he told the story.

"Nothing is more characteristic of Jesus than his determination to include within the circle which he was drawing many unlikely and unpromising persons whom his disciples would have preferred to pass by. This distinction is the distinction which, in a later gospel, is the distinction between the believers and the world. We have not lost the ominous and portentous meanings of 'the world.' When we hear the word used with something of its first intonations we smile. We are not afraid of the world, as the first Christians were. And yet there is an unsolved problem here. It is the central problem of religion: How to live in the world and yet not be of the world.

"How much of our time is wasted uselessly in trying to define to our satisfaction with precisely whom we may appropriately and safely keep Christian company! And all the time there rings across the centuries the words of St. John's Gospel, 'Other sheep I have which are not of this fold.'

"The great peril of the Christian Church to-day is that it shall become preoccupied with nice and precise definitions of ecclesiastical boundaries and that it shall refrain from putting to the test the principle of a truly catholic fellowship, doing Christ's work for men. The trouble with us is that we are so preoccupied with civil perplexities within the churches that we do not see the menace of that strange and ominous fact which the first Christians called 'the world,' and that in refusing to accept the burdens of the task which it represents we shall waste our precious years and available means in drawing boundaries which the spirit of Christ will override in spite of us."—*Boston Transcript.*

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THE PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of Sticking to the Last

I sat beside a man in an Inn, and I inquired of him, What is thy Business, and in what Occupation dost thou earn a living?

And he said, I am a Maker of Golf Clubs, and business is Good and Growing.

And I said, How could any man have chosen that occupation? For that it pays now is evident, and thou bearest a look of prosperity, but it was not always certain that a man might thrive making Golf Clubs.

And he said, Hast thou heard the advice that the Shoemaker should Stick to his Last?

And I said, I have heard it.

And he said, That may be good advice for a Shoemaker, but not for me. My Grandfather established this business in 1829, and it was for the making of Lasts. And my father followed in his steps and made Lasts. And I also trod in their tracks. But when the Golf Club business came along, I took it on as a side interest and now the tail doth wag the dog, and we make Lasts on the side, and pay our dividends out of our profits on Golf Clubs.

And I inquired, Out of what Wood dost thou make them?

And he said, The Handles are of Hickory and the Heads are of Persimmon Wood.

And I said, I can see a Great Idea. It is that thou shalt graft the Persimmon Tree so that it shall bear Golf Balls; so shall the same tree yield thee both Balls and Clubs; and thou shalt educate the Possum, whose home is the Persimmon Tree, to turn the Marsupial Pouch into a Caddy Bag and run after the Balls and bring them back.

And he said, Thou couldst have a great success in my Business. It is a pity to spoil a good Business Man and make a Philosopher out of him as hath been done with thee.

But I meditated on what he had said unto me about Sticking to the Last.

For there cometh a time when the Last is not a thing to Stick To.

And I remembered that all Successful men have faced the Adventure of leaving Ur of the Chaldees or the Fleshpots of Egypt or the safe and steady Job, and have gone forth in Quest of the Big Idea. For there is a time to Hold On and a time to Let Go. There is a time to Sit Pretty and be Safe and Sure; and for the majority of men that is a safe and sane policy. But the Adventurous Spirits of the world have not always Stuck to the Same Idea. They have left the Last to the Shoemaker and have gone after the Golf Ball of Opportunity.

Let no man ask me when that time hath come for him, for I know not. But I know when it came for me. And there be men who were working with me at what was then my kind of Last Making, who are at it still. And that for them was perhaps the best method, and I hope they are content.

Home and Children

SONG

I say, bluff March,
You're not so rough a fellow
As you look.
Here's a brook
Will show the sunny yellow
Of heaven's bright arch,
And the leaping little billows
Laugh at pussies on the willows,
Very soon, very soon,—
I say, bluff March!

I say, bright birds,
Ye prophesy a singing
Wide a-field,
And a yield
Of verdure that is springing
To feed b ithe herds,
When your wavy shadow passes
Over wavy-wavy grasses,
Very soon, very soon,—
I say, bright birds!

I say, brown buds,
Your greening and your swelling
On the limb,
Set the slim
And misty twigs a-telling
Of sweet rich floods
Of imbibing roots a-pouring,
To the topmost leaf a-soaring,
Very soon, very soon,—
I say, brown buds!

I say, stout heart,
Go out into the weather,
Th ngs of bluffness,
Things of roughness,
That nathe e s croon together
O' the earth' new tart,
Giv ng noted sign and reason
O. a coming gentle season,
Very soon, very soon,—
I say, stout heart!

James Vila Blake.

* * *

IT NEVER HAPPENED

THERE never was a little girl by the name of No-One-at-All, for of course no mother would think of giving her child such a name as that; and the little girl whose name was not No-One-at-All did not live in a country called the Land of Nowhere, for there is no such country on any of the maps, even in the farthest and least-known parts of the world.

The little girl whose name was not No-One-at-All did not live on the edge of a forest, and so she did not go for a walk in the woods one day. The forest paths did not grow darker and narrower as she got to the narrowest and darkest place. There are no lions in the country that is not called the Land of Nowhere.

The lion did not say to her, "Little girl, I am very hungry, and, if I can not get anything else, I must eat you," for you must remember that there wasn't any lion, and, if there had been one, lions can not talk.

The little girl whose name was not No-One-at-All did not say, "Mr. Lion, do you like rabbits? I know where there are plenty of them. We eat them for our dinner, so I suppose it is all right for you to eat them;" and she did not say to herself, "Father won't like it if this lion eats any of our rabbits, but he would feel still worse if the lion ate me;" and she did not lead the way to where the rabbits were feeding, for her father had no rabbits and she had never tasted rabbit meat in her life.

The lion did not say, "I have a great deal better right to them than you have, for they eat the grasses and leaves that grow in my woods. I was king of the Land of Nowhere long before you were born."

The lion did not take one of the rabbits by the neck as a cat carries her kittens, and he did not shake it as a cat shakes a mouse, for, as I have told you, there were no rabbits. Now the little girl whose name was not No-One-at-All did not say, "Mr. Lion, do you like your rabbits cooked? I will take one home and ask mother to cook it for you."

The lion did not say, "No, I always eat my food raw."

Then the little girl whose name was not No-One-at-All did not say, "Oh, you don't know how much better they are cooked," and she did not catch one of the rabbits up by its hind leg and run with it as fast as she could for fear the lion would eat her.

Oh, no! As I told you in the first place, not one of those things ever happened, but it did happen that a little girl whose name was Marian Louise woke up one night in her own little bed in the alcove of her mother's room and found that she had been dreaming all those things about the lion and the rabbits.

She knew that her father and mother were asleep in their own bed in the farther part of the room, for she could hear them breathing; she knew that with them to take care of her she need not be afraid of anything; and she knew that nothing that could hurt her could get into a large strong house like that. So she did not call out to waken her mother, but turned over and went to sleep again like a sensible little girl. Then she had a pleasant dream that perhaps I shall tell you some other time.—*Kate Lawrence, in Youth's Companion.*

* * *

MUSSY-MINDEDNESS

That is a new word coined by the poet Robert Frost. He was talking about the college student that does not seem to know one kind of word from another—whether a word is accurately used or not, whether it is colloquial, or slang, or literary; in short, he has a mussy mind. He is not consciously dishonest, but he is dishonest with words and with ideas.

What a joy it is to meet a straight thinker! He weighs his words. He picks them carefully. He does not put a green word where the color scheme of his sentence requires a blue word. His thoughts are not at loose ends. His ideas are clear-cut and well articulated. You know where he stands, and where you stand in relation to him.

Mussy-mindedness is a disease of these rushing times of ours, and more Americans are afflicted with it than would readily admit it even to themselves. Nor is it a disease which is easy to cure.—*Chris ian Endeavor World.*

Young People's Christian Union

Conducted by Granville Hicks

THE CHRIST CRUSADE

The Young People's Christian Union wishes to co-operate as far as possible in the Christ Crusade, not only through loyalty to the denomination but because most of the Unioners believe that a general observance of the principles of Jesus will contribute to a better social order. Some of us may not like some features of the Crusade, others may object to the name, but all of us believe in its objective and all of us will do what we can to make it succeed.

Unfortunately the devotional topics for this year were arranged last spring when it was impossible to know what the plans of the denomination would be. Hence there is no topic on the subject of the Christ Crusade. To remedy this defect the devotional superintendent, Miss Grace Nash, has sent a letter to all the Unions asking that some Sunday in the near future, preferably during Lent, be given over to this subject. In her letter she says, "We can work collectively and individually as missionaries of Christ; we can not only co-operate with the Church in its effort for unity, but also can consider ourselves part of the Church working with it for the great ideal; we can so interest and inspire others that they will consider their religious faith worth financial support, and we can give this support ourselves."

The subject Miss Nash suggests for this special devotional meeting is "Individual Consecration in the Service of Our Church." She calls attention to the material in the *Leader* as helpful in discussing the Crusade and the part the young people may play in it. It is suggested that either the regular topic be omitted or this topic used in conjunction with it. Every Union in the country, it is to be hoped, will follow this request, and will give at least one evening to a discussion of its part in the Crusade.

* *

COMPULSORY CO-OPERATION

The willingness with which the Union is taking part in the Christ Crusade is typical of the willingness with which it has lent its support to all denominational enterprises. It has always felt itself an integral part of the whole Church, and has been glad to accept the responsibilities which accompany such participation. That does not mean, however, that the Union would welcome actual supervision by the official of the General Convention. We value too highly our independence to want to part with it.

The plan of reorganization which the Trustees brought before the Convention at Providence seems to have pointed toward actual subordination of such organizations as the Y. P. C. U. There is no one who at the present time is entitled to speak with authority, but as an individual I feel strongly that it would be unwise for the denomination to ask that the Union give up its autonomy. Much of our value has lain in the fact that we have been training young people to think and act for themselves. The thing that makes our conventions interesting and valuable is that real decisions are made there which control the future of the organization. One of the chief arguments of those opposed to having a director next year is that we want full opportunity for self-direction.

It will be objected that we can have all this even though the Trustees reserve the right to veto any actions they see fit. It will be said that we are really giving the Trustees that right at the present time by submitting important policies for their consideration. We are doing this, and gladly, but this is co-operation. The other would be compulsion. There is all the difference in the world. Compulsory co-operation is a contradiction in terms. The different organizations should be co-ordinated and their plans worked out in harmony, but no element of compulsion should enter in. It would be undemocratic and it would be destructive of the best values of the Y. P. C. U. Officials, constantly checked in their desire to do great things for the Church, can only see how far more efficient it would be if they had real power. What they need to see is that not efficiency but the development of Christian men and women is the aim of the Church. If the Y. P. C. U. or any other organization is not willing to vote support of the denomination, it will not be possible to secure that support by issuing orders or vetoing recommendations. If the Trustees can not secure the co-operation they need, let them try education, not compulsion.

* *

THE S. F. R. L. CONFERENCE

This past summer a group of students interested in liberal religion were assembled at Star Island under Unitarian auspices. Out of that gathering came the Student Federation of Religious Liberals, with Robert Raible, of Harvard Theological School, as president, and a group of college students from all over the country as officers and members of the board. Mr. Alfred Hobart of McGill University was secured as executive secretary, and later Miss Eleanor Dodson joined him in the work. Under their direction groups have been organized in several colleges, and groups already organized have affiliated themselves with the Federation.

The purpose of the S. F. R. L. is to unite the young religious liberals of the country. In many of the colleges of the country organized liberalism is painfully silent, and it is felt that many students do not know of the ideas and ideals of the liberal churches. Established groups will be centers for the spread of liberalism as well as opportunities for the discussion of religious and social problems. Where the more orthodox bodies are unfriendly to liberals the S. F. R. L. should be of special value.

The activities of the Federation, however, are not to be limited to groups within the colleges. From June 21 to 28 a conference will be held at Mount Holyoke College. The time is selected as one when most college students are free. The place commends itself as being central for all New England. The daily program includes a morning lecture, round table discussions, five o'clock talks in the open, evening meetings, and devotional services to open and close the day. The topics selected for the various talks and discussions relate to highly important issues. Speakers of national reputation and group leaders of recognized ability are being selected. The conference should prove attractive to every college student who has even a passing interest in religion. Because of the way in which it was organized the Federation has so far found most of its adherents among Unitarians, but it is entirely undenominational, and Universalists are wanted at the conference.

* *

MEMBERSHIP RETURNS

Postcards were sent to the Unions throughout the country to be filled out and returned. Up to March 10, fifty Unions had reported. In June, 1923, the total membership of these fifty Unions was 1,122. On Jan. 1 of this year they totaled 1,090. On March 10 their aggregate membership stands at 1,180, showing a slight but encouraging gain. The campaign will continue with every Union striving to secure new members and to make the ones it has better. In the organization of new Unions the Juniors are in the lead with five new Unions.

For the Quiet Hour

We should take care so to manage ourselves all day, especially when it draws toward night, that we may not be disfitted and put out of frame for our evening devotions; that our hearts may not be overcharged, either on the one hand with surfeiting and drunkenness, as theirs often are who are men of pleasure; or on the other hand with the cares of this life, as theirs often are who are men of business; but that we may have such a command both of our thoughts and of our time that we may finish our daily work well; which will be an earnest of our finishing our life's work well; and all is well indeed that ends everlastingly wel .

Matthew Henry.

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Mrs. Ethel M. Allen, 411 Glen Echo Circle, Columbus, Ohio

WOMEN'S DAY, MAY 4

May this day be generally observed in all of our churches, the results being immediately reported to the president.

* *

CHRISTMAS PARTY

Dear W. N. M. A. friends:

If you remember my letter describing the many different Christmas celebrations of last year I need not describe them again, for we held all the regular parties and more too, this year.

It really began to seem as if Christmas was coming about Dec. 15, for on that Saturday night the girls all gathered in Miss Hathaway's study and wrapped in white paper and tied with gay paper ribbons and packed in boxes, the gifts that were to go from Blackmer Home to the families who needed our gifts especially this terrible year, those whose homes were burned. Every box contained comfy things such as warm sweaters, mufflers, caps, or mittens knit by Home girls or missionaries, underwear or clothing, not neglecting pictures and toys and home made candies and cookies. They were lovely boxes and brought much good cheer into the barrack homes where most of them went.

The toys were supplied from the four boxes of gifts from Syracuse, N. Y., the only boxes to arrive before Christmas this year, and from the boxes kept over from late arrivals last year. (*Please* send your packages early!)

Another Christmas added to our program this year was a party for the workmen building our new building. They are all from the country, and are living a dreary sort of life in a patched up corner of the old Midori building. When they first came in they were very shy and uncomfortable. Only a few had ever stepped inside a foreign style home or had ever sat in a chair. But after much urging we finally got them all seated and Matsu gave them a little talk of welcome and of explanation of our reasons for wishing to show special kindness to others on the birthday of our Christ.

Then we had some victrola music both classical and Japanese, and I brought all the girls down to sing Christmas carols—Bethelem, Nazareth, Asleep in a Manger, It Came upon the Midnight Clear, and hymns, all in Japanese.

Then we played games. Matsu and I each took a "team" and with only one of the graduate "helpers" on each side, we had a lively time. *How* those men did play! Silly children's games they were, but all new to them, and they entered into the spirit of the games w th all their might.

Then we served them Japanese cakes, tea and tangerines, and Miss Hathaway gave them little booklets telling the Christmas story.

The next night Miss Hathaway invited the contractor, just a young man, to the barrack to the Christmas entertainment and party for the settlement and Sunday school children. After it was over the young man said that these were the only entertainments he had ever experienced except geisha affairs and he was much interested in the Christianity which could offer such kind of pleasure. It "left a clean feeling in his spirit," is the way he expressed it. It gives us a very happy feeling in our spirits to know we can show forth the true message of Christmas to these people who never have heard it before.

New Year's Day began with a sunrise devotion hour led by Miss Hathaway, each one of us giving the text chosen as our guide for the coming year. Our prayer was full of our thanks for our wonderful delivery from danger and our hope for guidance in the tasks that lie before us in our work for the Master.

We send our greetings to all you kind friends whose work on that side makes possible our work on this side the sea.

Alice G. Rowe.

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

APPROVAL FROM AN UNEXPECTED SOURCE

A Roman Catholic editor happened to see a copy of Mrs. Cushing's new Easter service, "His Spirit Lives," and took the trouble to write to us about it. He said: "I was greatly attracted to its contents and read it through with a great deal of enjoyment. I think that it is is a very commendable creation and one that should prove very attractive in Sunday schools."

Copies of this service have been sent to all pastors and Sunday school superintendents. Others may be had upon request.

* *

NORTHWEST FROM CHICAGO

Representing the General Sunday School Association, I have just taken a trip through our schools in Wisconsin and Minnesota.

At Augusta, Wis., a very earnest group of people have had no minister for some time, but are looking for one, and meanwhile starting a Sunday school. St. Paul, Minn., contains a group of real Universalists planning to start their church again, and, of course their Sunday school. They have children and young people in good numbers, and will start this spring. A gathering held at the Church of the Redeemer, Minneapolis, drew to itself the workers of the Tuttle Church school and of the Anoka school. Great interest is manifested by these people in the real Sunday school problems of the day—religious education in the public schools, and, secondly, how to interest indifferent parents of Sunday school pupils.

La Crosse, Wis., is a place where faithful work on the part of the pastor is wholly responsible for the school, its growth, its teaching staff, its success. A Boy Scout troop was being organized just at this time, to the great delight of the class forming the troop, and of all beholders. Undoubtedly Boy Scout work is "a means of grace" with many boys to a far greater degree than much of our doles of instruction and information on Sunday morning.

Rochester, Minn., teachers are very much interested in week-day religious education programs, as the whole city is beginning to plan to give its children more time for religious instruction.

At Osage, Iowa, they have just called a pastor, and he announces at once a contest for the enlargement of the school, also a new rule, "Begin on time!" Under his leadership, this school will go forward by leaps and bounds.

Monroe, Wis., has a school which is growing, using good lesson material, and setting up very clearly its character-building aim. Here again the problem of the indifferent parents found vigorous expression and discussion.

Stoughton, Wis., has been pastorless a long time, but has maintained a school in the face of all odds. All suggestions for improvement were readily received. This school has a good Cradle Roll, and seeks to nurture all its members in the real liberal faith.

Mukwonago, Wis., has been growing and strengthening under the leadership of Rev. J. M. Rasnake, who is delighting both Mukwonago and Stoughton with his fine and faithful work. Additions to the teaching force within the last two years showed progress, and plans are under way to strengthen the adult department of the school, under the leadership of the pastor, Mr. Rasnake.

Lucy W. Markley.

* *

SUNDAY SCHOOL MUSIC

Should be:

Prayerful, not prosy;
Soulful, not silly;
Gladsome, not giddy;
Mindful, not misty;
Restful, not rusty;
Trustful, not trashy;
Joyful, not jazzy.

Jennie Gale Irwin.

Among Our Churches

Massachusetts Letter

Practically all of our churches in the old Bay State are keeping the Lenten season in some special fashion. We are happy to have it so. This is the time when, by common consent, the things of religion have the right of way. From now unto Easter the Church with its varied ministries is at the front of human activities. The wise administrator of our affairs is he who takes advantage of the general condition to push for larger and more definite results. Not only are our ministers preaching special sermons but we note with approving interest that many are conducting inquiry classes and Lenten study classes. This is a sure sign of an increase of members for the Church in Holy Week or on Easter. * * It is most fitting, too, that the Christ Crusade should be brought by Dr. Lowe to our attention at this significant season. After visiting many parts of the country with his program of Convention plans, the General Superintendent has invaded Massachusetts. The Massachusetts Superintendent has arranged for three conferences with Dr. Lowe and Mr. Etz in different sections of the state. The first was held in the First Church in Worcester on Tuesday, March 4, the second in St. Paul's in Springfield March 6, and the third at Headquarters in Boston on the afternoon of Tuesday, March 25. * * Over our church in Arlington at the present time is Rev. Charles F. Patterson, the same who used to be in Detroit, and Cleveland, and Denver, and New York. Some big things and some things worth while are coming to pass in Arlington. Taking advantage of the interest aroused by the Fundamentalist-Modernist discussion, Mr. Patterson through February presented our basic teachings in a series of sermons on "A Religion for the New Universe." A new monthly Bulletin has been introduced. It is both informing and attractive. The Men's Club has received twenty-three new members, making a sixty per cent increase. It plans to double the membership before the season closes. And now, with an increase in interest in the church and consequently an enlarged attendance, the desire for ampler and better quarters is aroused. A new church plant is being discussed. At least a new parish house as the first unit of a new church plant is more than a probability. * * Rev. Charles H. Pennoyer will complete his work at Attleboro on the last Sunday in April. He will begin his new duties as Director of Social Welfare on May first. Mr. Pennoyer will live in Pawtucket, R. I., but will have an office at Headquarters in Boston. In the letter to Mr. Pennoyer in reply to his note of resignation are these words from his people: "Murray Church, recognizing your successful pastorate, loyally and ably supported by your wife, and realizing the loss our church will sustain by your departure, still feel they should surrender you to the larger and more important work to wh ch you have been summoned and which you are so well qualified to carry on, and, therefore, with regret accept your resignation to take effect May 1, 1924." * * It is to Attleboro that we shall go for the annual session of our Conven ion in May. Murray Church has already begun upon its plans for our entertainment. The dates are May 20-22. The preacher of the Convention sermon is Dr. Leighton and the speaker for the Convention at the banquet on Thursday evening is Rev. C. F. Patterson. * * Rev. Harold W. Haynes closed his pastorate in Beverly on Feb. 24 and assumed his new duties in Lowell First on the following Sunday. There was a supply in the pulpit in Beverly on March 2 and before the day had closed the trustees had voted unanimously to recommend to the par sh his election as permanent pastor * * The word from Brookline is one of progress in every department. Under the aggressive and purposeful leadership of Rev. Fred A. Moore genuine gains are being made. The congregations have grown amazingly. The church school under the superintendency of Harold C. Haskell is not only enlarging in size, but, what is of greater moment, it is growing in interest and in purpose. The "Beacon Light" has been established as a weekly calendar. On each Tuesday afternoon a short service of prayer is held for those who are distressed in body, mind or estate. In this direction there is a fine response to the attempt to meet a present-day, pressing need in an effective way. Through Lent Mr. Moore is preaching upon "Real Religion and Real Life." To these services he has sent out invitations to two thousand persons in the community not in any way connected with Beacon Church. On each Sunday evening until Easter Mr. Moore will conduct an Inquiry Class. * * Rev. D. E. Trout of St. Paul's Church, Springfield, publishes an eight-page bulletin, which he has named "The Parish Messenger." From it we learn that while Dr. Lowe and Mr. Etz were there on March 6 for a conference, a fine fellowship supper was served to a large group and the representatives of the General Convention had the opportunity to acquaint many with the aims and objectives of the Church at large. Not only the Christ Crusade but the Washington church, the Perin-Cate House, and the pension plan for the ministers were fully set forth. * * Mrs. Daniels, the faithful clerk of the church of North Orange, writes that every one is being drawn to Rev. Mr. and Mrs. McIntire. The congregations are increasing, the church school is doing fine work, and at the annual meeting in May a number of new families are to unite with the parish. There was a crowd present on each evening of the fair and the net results financially are $300. * * The State Superintendent preached on Feb. 24 at both the forenoon and afternoon services in Dr. Perkins' church in Lynn. It was a fine opportunity for the Convention representative to see a thoroughly organized church in full operation. In a recent number of his calendar Dr. Perkins has this: "To-day, the first Sunday in February, is one of happy associations to Dr. and Mrs. Perkins as the nineteenth anniversary of the beginning of the present pastorate, which has now attained the distinction of being the longest in the ninety-one years of the existence of this church. Gratitude for the affection and loyalty that have blessed these years is uppermost in their minds. Such a pastorate would not have been possible in an unstable church, itching for the thrills and novelties of a processional ministry. For the opportunity to have the joy of preaching, the intimacy of pastoral fellowship, and the privilege of a community service your minister gives thanks to-day." * * On Feb. 5 at the annual meeting of the Somerville First parish it was unanimously voted to build the parish house as soon as plans can be completed and to conduct the big fair of 1924 in this new parish house. * * The minister in Everett, Rev. U. S. Milburn, has sent out to his people five hundred cards containing the splendid statement of our Christ Crusade as a program "to outlaw war, promote peace, exalt respect for law, and to secure through co-operation with other religious forces throughout the world a nobler brotherhood." * * Because we delight to quote in these letters the maxims and the stories of the minister of the Chelsea church as recorded in his church calendar, we would not have it appear that into this line runs most of the effort in Chelsea. Consistently and constructively Chelsea is pushing ahead under the leadership of Rev. B. F. McIntire. For those who like the bright and the suggestive, however, here are several more samples of Chelsea wit and wisdom: "Diamonds are lumps of coal which stuck to their jobs." "Why wait for the hearse, walk to church next Sunday." "People and pins are useless when they lose their heads." "A little lad knelt at his father's knee to say his bed-time prayers. After he had repeated 'Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,' and 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' and the Lord's Prayer, the father asked him whether he had any other prayer he

wanted to say to God. After some hesitation the little fellow said, 'Dear Jesus, when I grow to be a man, make me big and strong like daddy.' The words went deeply into the father's heart and very late that night, hours after the little boy had gone to sleep, the father knelt by the little bed and prayed, 'My Father, now I am grown up, make me pure and sweet like my boy.'" * * Out in Malden through Lent, Rev. Clarence J. Cowing is offering a fine series of Sunday evening illustrated lectures. Several of these are: March 9, "Intolerance;" March 16, "For All of Us;" March 23, "Loyalties;" March 30, "The Dangerous Age;" April 6, "The Little Minister;" April 13, 'The Sign of the Cross." * * In Cambridge First, which is still without a minister, the large choir has begun rehearsing for its Palm Sunday cantata. This year the offering is Rossini's Stabat Mater, which will be sung in Latin. This Palm Sunday service has become an established affair and the large church is filled to its limit. * * Down in Plymouth the minister, Rev. Samuel E. Franc, has arranged an appealing list of subjects for his Lenten sermon. Listen to them and see if you do not think the same. "Our Bodies—Temperance versus Fasting,""Our Countries—Right versus Might," "Our Homes—Consideration versus Obedience," "Our Churches—Idealism versus Materialism," "Our Industrial Order: Co-operation versus Competition," "Our Courts — Free Government versus Anarchy," "Our Souls—Spirit versus Letter.' During Holy Week the five Protestant churches will unite their services. * * The Milford church gathered on Feb. 22 a net harvest of $2,300 from its talent system. This achievement was brought about by the Ladies' Aid Society, and before the church year ends on July first the amount will be $3,000. Fifteen years ago this church was falling back financially. It had accumulated a debt of $6,500. Since then, under the pastorate of Rev. H. F. Fister, the expenses each year have been met. The expenses and income have both enlarged thirty-three per cent. Here is a grouped statement of the result: debt paid, $6,500; fund gathered $6,700; trust fund, $28,000; parsonage purchased, $12,000; improvements on property, $2,000; cash on hand $2,000; a total of $57,200. * * From Grace Church, Lowell, Miss Edith Merchant and Miss Eunice Cocke have already been chosen to attend the Northfield School of Religious Education. Desirous of a closer relationship between the parents and the teachers the church school arranged for a special Parent-Teacher Night on March 12. Carl A. Hempel was the guest and speaker. * * The Lawrence Men's Club of Medford observed its annual Ladies' Night on March 4. Rev. Hendrik Vossema secured as speaker Rev. F. A. Moore of Brookline, whose subject was "Mirrors of America." * * Mr. O. W. Eames, who is serving while a student at Tufts as pastor at Taunton, is enabled to present an excellent report of his stewardship this far. The congregations have trebled in size and more money has been pledged for the coming year than for a considerable period. * * "The Message," Dr. Tomlinson's church bulletin in Worcester, has been changed to a monthly. It has previously been issued as a bimonthly. A parsonage fund of $2,000 has been given. Nearly $100 was gathered on a recent Sunday for the hungry children of Germany. On the ministerial staff of this church are Mrs. E. A. Hunt, parish assistant, and Miss Minerva Dickinson, who graduated at St. Lawrence last summer, director of Young People's Work and superintendent of the church school. * * Rev. Paul H. Drake closed his pastorate in Marlboro the first of March. The church is listening to Dr. Coons, Dr. Huntley and Dr. Hall for several Sundays. Then in April a candidate is to appear. Marlboro intends to go ahead and is expecting to settle a constructive, parish-building pastor who will conserve all that has been accomplished in this growing city and push the church to a place of prominence in the community. * * Several months ago we announced that we had in the Superintendent's office a communion service which would be given to some church. One of our churches in South Carolina has accepted it and soon it will be upon its way to the Southland. Now, we wish to announce that we have a fine, large pulpit Bible which we shall be pleased to give to some church in need of such a Bible. * * Universalists over Massachusetts will be delighted to know that their Convention has united with the other denominational organizations in the financial support of a second chaplain at Rutland, Mass. Up in this town of the north-central part of the state there are hundreds seeking to gain the victory over tuberculosis. Here is the Federal prison camp and the camp filled with our new soldiers stricken with tuberculosis. One chaplain could not look after all of these. The United States Government gave $600 toward the salary of a second chaplain. Several of our denominational officials arranged to add $2,400 to this amount, so that he would receive a salary of $3,000. The Universalists of Massachusetts are giving $250 for this purpose. * * And another good piece of news we wish to disclose is that this coming summer in July and August we are to have a series of Sunday morning services in the new Church of the Second Society at the entrance to the Fenway. The new church is to be known as the Metropolitan Church. The chapel or community house will be completed in time for the services this summer. We are all made very happy in the tender to us of this beautiful church by Dr. Roblin and his board of trustees.

Leroy W. Coons.

New York City Letter

The Prophetic Event this year in the liberal church of New York City was a union meeting of the young people of the Universalist, Unitarian and Friends churches in the Church of the Saviour, Brooklyn, March 14. An appetizing supper was served to nearly two hundred young men and women. Mr. Erwin R. McLaughlin presided, introducing Mr. Devire Allen of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, who gave a wonderfully interesting and illuminating address upon "The History and Development of Youth Movements in Foreign Countries." Miss Louise Lawton of the Young Friends told the story of the Bear Mountain Conference of Young People's Organizations, thirty in number, 115 present, held early in March. There were four departments—Political, Religious, Industrial, Economic—and the delegates gathered in the various groups. The general topic was "Youth's Standard of Living." The desire was to learn the cost of the things we enjoy, in other people's lives. The ideal was to bring unity of action in groups animated by similar motives. The best young people's meeting of the years. * * **The Metropolitan Alliance** met at the Good Tidings March 14, the president, Mrs. Burroughs, presiding. Mrs. Geo. W. Danziger, president of the Protestant Unity League, declared the purpose of the organization to enroll all members of Protestant churches, irrespective of denomination, for Protestant welfare work. The statement was made that approximately 90 per cent of the donations to non-sectarian relief organizations is Protestant money, and of the funds expended approximately over 80 per cent goes to Roman Catholic relief. Mrs. Danziger, of the Divine Paternity, was chosen president of the League because the Universalist Church seemed to be the only Church where there was no internal dissension. Rev. Lyman Ward portrayed the need and work of the Camp Hill, Alabama, School, revealing that one person in every six in that state is illiterate, and receiving a generous free-will offering. Mrs. Abrams was chairman of the day, and called upon various members to state their solution of the problems stated by the ministers at the February meeting. Here are some of the suggestions: "Easier to state problems than solve them. Render individual service. It is not our church, but ourselves. Be active in helping the denomination. Encourage missionary education. Begin with the right man and a responsive congregation. Work with the whole heart. Look after strangers.

Realize the ideal, 'A church with a human touch and a divine message.' Introduce strangers to congenial people. Use moving pictures in the Sunday school. Work with the minister and not for the minister. A personal appeal should be made a matter of conscience. Give the new people something to do. Get new trustees. Read the Bible." Mrs. Alma Wallner Flint was the soloist, and Miss Alice McNeill presided at the organ. * * **Chapin Home.**—"Home Day," anniversary of the dedication of the old building in Manhattan, was observed March 3. Candy, ice cream and tea were served. The fancy and useful articles, made by the members of the Home family, supplemented with gifts from the trustees, brought in a goodly sum of money to gladden Mrs. Darling and Mrs. Stickney, president and secretary of the Home. Mrs. Snow as chairman of the day spoke from a life of devotion to the faith and human welfare, urging a larger consecration. Kenneth Livingston, violinist, and Lawrence Huse, accompanist, furnished music. Mrs. A. Anderson rendered effectively several solos. Mrs. Beveridge introduced the speaker of the day, Rev. Emerson Hugh Lalone, who expressed gratitude for the noble institution, and to the trustees brought the message of cheer and good-will. "It is a privilege to help in the maintenance and development of the Home." Preachers for April: 13, Rev. A. W. Grose, D. D., 27, Rev. J. H. Lathrop, D. D. * * **The Universalist Club** met at the Chamber of Commerce, Brooklyn, through the courtesy of Mr. Herbert E. Muller, a member of the Chamber and an officer of the Club. Mr. Harold S. Hull presided. A welcome was given to Rev. John Sayles and Rev. E. H. Lalone. Dr. Grose in kindly words, expressing the appreciation and good-will of all, gave a cheery welcome, making the newcomers feel "at home." Mr. Lalone briefly replied, but to the point, and proved the power of real modesty and dynamic manhood. Mr. Sayles was at his best, and captured the company with his wit and wisdom. He punctured denominational self-complacency and focused the idealism of sacrificial service, to prove that we have faith and to bring in the kingdom. The Brooklyn papers featured his utterances and the people present congratulated the Mt. Vernon divine. Rev. Roger F. Etz, the clear-headed and fraternal secretary of the General Convention, spoke of the encouraging things in the church—increase in gifts, improved quality of candidates for the ministry and the new activities for men. Dr. Lowe fervidly presented the mandates of a living religious faith and declared the valid claims of the Christ Crusade. Hon. Carl E. Milliken gave an address upon Moving Pictures, that was discussed by Dr. Rose, Mr. Barney and Mr. Earp. * * **The Conclusion** of the dinner tendered Mr. J. Warren Andrews, organist of the Divine Paternity, must be printed. At the dinner, Mr. Mapes presiding with grace, Mrs. Darling thanked Mr. Andrews for his help, always gladly given, to the Chapin Home, and then Dr. Newton, in an address of music and eloquence, presented the beloved organist with a purse of money—a goodly sum. Mr. Andrews replied with deep appreciation and voiced his affection for the Church and people. Dr. Newton's address is in printed form, and may be found in his latest book "Preaching in New York." It deserves a place in this letter, as in the literature of the day: "If I had my way, there would be no minister at the Church of the Divine Paternity, but only the great organ, with its myriad keys, tones, and echoes played by the gentle-hearted, spiritually-minded artist who for twenty-five years has made his instrument an altar. Such music is both priest and prophet to me, uttering those wistful yearnings which well up in every human heart, but which no tongue can speak, and whispering those white truths mortal words discolor. When I hear it I begin to see the hint of a meaning in the turbid ebb and flow of human misery about me, albeit only a glimpse, only the vague shape of a reason that floats into my heart, and melts as quickly away. But in rare moments, by the mercy of God, I feel a ground swell of prophetic rhythm—an undertone of all-sustaining melody—running through our tangled mortal life, prophesying a fair, far time when sorrow and sin shall cease, and the soul of man shall be happy and free—learning in love the truth it has lost in hate. And sometimes, as he plays, life drops its veil, the tumult of time is hushed, and those who have vanished seem near—Eternity murmurs on all my horizons, and the noiseless knocking of a Presence is at my Gate."

Thomas Edward Potterton.

Church News and Interests

PERSONAL

Dr. Wm. E. Barton, former Moderator of the Congregational General Council, author of Safed the Sage, published weekly in the *Leader*, and of many books, has been given a purse of $5,000 by parishioners in Oak Park, Ill., for a trip around the world. Mrs. Barton will go with him. Dr. Barton has just resigned after a pastorate of twenty-five years.

Connecticut

Norwich.—Our last annual Sunday school meeting was notable in several ways. Our superintendent, Mr. Edwin Avery Tracy, who has served continuously in office for thirty years, insisted on declining a re-election. Many changes have occurred during his long term of office. So many of the faithful workers have passed away and so many changes have developed in methods of Sunday school work. The historic old building on Cliff Street has gone and our work has become well established in the modern and appropriate new church building on Broadway. Mr. Tracy has given so generously to sustain the work of the Sunday school, has ever been punctual in attendance and has made a reputation as superintendent rarely equaled in any denomination. He reflects so much of the integrity of the fathers and is so devoted to the children's children who now greet him at the Sunday sessions. Appropriate resolutions were adopted by the Sunday school and a basket of flowers was presented to him on the Sunday of his retirement. He is succeeded in office by Mr. S. W. Armstrong. The "Wayside Pulpit" placed on the front lawn of our Broadway church attracts increasing attention from the sidewalk and the local newspapers even reprint the slogans used there.

Maine

Portland, Congress Square.—The annual meeting of Chapter 14, Order of Universalist Comrades, was recently held in the church parlors. A banquet was prepared and served by the Ladies' Union of the church for $1 a plate. The annual reports showed the Comrades in a prosperous condition with all current bills paid. It was voted to pay $150 on the denominational drive pledge made by the Comrades, leaving only $150 balance to be paid. The following officers were elected: President, Ernest F. Soule; first vice-president, Frank B. Coolidge; second vice-president, Harlan Turner; secretary-treasurer, B. B. Witham; Executive Council: Robert Whitcomb, Ralph W. E. Hunt, F. S. Fountain, Charles Perley, Herbert S. Davis. Rev. Roderick J. Mooney, D. D., of Auburn, was the speaker of the evening. Dr. Mooney spoke on the two men, "John the Baptist and Jesus Christ." Following his remarkable address Dr. Albion expressed his appreciation for what Dr. Mooney had said and the earnest hope that our men would carry the message throughout the Lenten period.

Massachusetts

Saugus.—For the past six weeks Rev. E. V. Stevens has been preaching here and caring for all of the pastoral duties of the parish. So greatly appreciated are the services of Mr. Stevens that he has been secured as the settled minister.

Beverly and Essex.—Rev. John M. Ratcliff of Rockland, Maine, accepts the hearty and unanimous invitation of the churches in Beverly and Essex to become their next minister. Mr. Haynes, now of Lowell, completed his work Feb. 24. On the following Sunday, March 2, Mr. Ratcliff preached and before the day had closed the trustees in Beverly had voted to recommend that he be invited to the pastorate. The pulpits of these two

churches will be supplied by the State Superintendent until the new minister can take up his duties.

Ohio

Akron.—Rev. George Cross Baner, pastor. Our church is trying what is more or less an innovation just now. The headquarters of the County Blind Association has its offices in the kindergarten rooms. The office is open two afternoons of the week, a program is given every other Sunday afternoon and a night meeting is held once a month. An excellent exhibit of their work was recently held in the church for two days. The young people of the church are giving many of their Sunday afternoons to entertaining shut-ins, and are doing great good. A Sunday school class of little girls recently spent an afternoon with an old lady, whose birthday it was and who had once been very active in the church, bringing her a silver spoon, a birthday cake, and singing for her. Another class will entertain twenty needy children at an Easter party. The Junior Y. P. C. U. has changed its method of procedure at its Sunday afternoon sessions and is giving its whole time to the dramatizing of Bible stories, the instructors using the latest pedagogical principles in their work. A dramatization will be put on once a month in the opening service of the Sunday school.

Pennsylvania

Philadelphia, Restoration.—Rev. F. A. Gray, D. D., pastor. Three months of the new pastorate have passed, and the work is gaining in scope and efficiency. A new force—composed of about three-fourths boys and young men and the balance young ladies—from the Sunday school is taking over the work of the Young People's Christian Union, meeting on the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month. The Restoration Dramatic Club is a new organization of young men and women, meeting once each month, planning a life of helpfulness and usefulness to the local church, and pledged to send a delegation from the new Union to the National Convention in July at Ferry Beach. The Universalist Comrades held their annual meeting on St. Patrick's Day at the home of Dr. and Mrs. C. J. Marshall, and plan to have the new year of work the best in their history. The minister, at the urgent solicitation of the men, will be the president, and have as his efficient helpers Lorin C. Powers as vice-president, and David A. Edgar as secretary-treasurer. By the combined effort of the Sunday school, the Comrades, the Women's Guild and the Flower Mission, the means to redecorate the chapel building have been provided, and the work is in progress.

* *

LAW ENFORCEMENT

April 10 and 11 are the dates for the Women's Law Enforcement Convention in Washington, D. C. Mrs. Herbert Hoover is chairman of the Washington Committee, and Mrs. Robert Lansing is honorary secretary. Miss Lida Hafford, director of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, is chairman of the Executive Committee.

Church women are strongly represented among the national organizations affiliated for securing allegiance to the Constitution, and observance of law.

Washington Hotel is the headquarters of the Convention. The meetings and great luncheon will be held in the Hall of Nations. The ball-room will be used for the smaller sessions. The pageant, "Liberty in Law," will be given in the Scottish Rites Temple, and if weather permits will be repeated out of doors on the steps of the temple the evening of April 10.

Some of the ablest men and women in the country will present the question of Law Enforcement, showing the need of women taking their citizenship seriously and offering a definite program which shall help to "put the moral issue into both parties."

The women of the Universalist Church are urged to attend this Convention. Mrs. Theresa A. Williams of 1330 Belmont St., Washington, D. C., will serve as chairman of the Universalist group and has been authorized to issue credentials to all who desire to attend.

Universalists, stand back of this movement, give it your whole-hearted support!

Ethel M. Allen,
President of the W. N. M. A.

* *

DEATH OF REV. MARY L. HADLEY

Rev. Mary L. Hadley died in Kingfield, Maine, on Saturday, March 22. Funeral services were held in the chapel at Mount Auburn Cemetery, Cambridge, Mass., Tuesday, March 25.

* *

DEATH OF REV. THOMAS STRATTON

A telegram from Rev. George F. Fortier, Vermont and Quebec Superintendent, announces the death of Rev. Thomas Stratton on Sunday evening, March 23.

Notices

IOWA FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

The Iowa Fellowship Committee will meet in Mitchellville, Iowa, on Monday, April 7, at 11 a. m. for the examination of Mrs. Minnie O. Colegrove a candidate for ordination.

Laura B. Galer,
Otto Raspe,
Robert Ball.

* *

PUBLIC MEETING
W. U. M. S. of Massachusetts

The Woman's Universalist Missionary Society of Massachusetts will hold a Public Meeting in St. Paul's Church, Springfield, Friday, April 4.

Morning session, 10.45, Mrs. A. E. Wright, vice-president, 11th District, presiding. Devotional service. "The Circles and the Crusade," Rev. Isabella S. Macduff. "Our Work," Mrs. E. A. Hunt.

Box Luncheon. Coffee, tea, one hot dish.

Afternoon session, 1.30. Miss Grace F. White, state president, presiding. Devotional service, Rev. Delmar E. Trout. Address, "Family Pride," Miss White. "Some Recent Missionary Contacts," Rev. John van Schaick, Jr., editor of the *Universalist Leader*. Playlet, "O Hara San," Mrs. Mark Newton and Miss Gladys Chipman. Benediction, Rev. Elmer D. Colcord.

Mrs. Harold A. Buffington and Mrs. Delmar E. Trout, pianists. Mrs. Lee Haskell of Holyoke, soloist.

Trains, Boston to Springfield, 7.05, arrives 10.13 a. m. Train, Springfield to Boston, 3.50 arrives 6.20 p. m. Springfield to Boston, 4.15, arrives 7.48 p. m.

Any car going up State Street passes the church, not far to walk.

* *

MAKE YOUR PLANS NOW

Massachusetts State Convention at Attleboro, May 21 and 22.

Do your share toward contributing to a large attendance with its consequent inspiration, enthusiasm and accomplishment.

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None too early to make reservations by communicating with the undersigned.

Harold E. Sweet,
Attleboro, Mass.

* *

NEW HAMPSHIRE FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

The Committee of Fellowship of the New Hampshire Universalist Convention will convene at Concord on Wednesday, April 2, 1924, at 11 o'clock, a. m., for the examination of Mrs. Wenona Stevens Abbott "as to her fitness in purpose, character, and abilities for the ministry of the Universalist Church."

Frank W. Whippen, Secretary.

* *

MASSACHUSETTS FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

The Committee of Fellowship of the Massachusetts Universalist Convention will convene at Universalist Headquarters on Monday, March 31, 1924, at 12.15 o'clock p. m., for the examination of Mr. Charles A. Haney, "as to his fitness in purpose, character, and abilities for the ministry of the Universalist Church."

Harry E. Adams, Secretary.

* *

DELOS H. THOMPSON HOME FOR AGED WOMEN

The management wishes to announce they have three vacant rooms they would like very much to have filled by women of our denomination, who are in need of such a home. For information write to the above home, at Waldron, Ind.

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During the summer months there are accommodations for women unattended who may wish to visit Boston for a few days at a time. For such transients the price is $1.25 a day.

For further information please address the Superintendent, Miss Ruth E. Hersey, 14 Worcester St., Boston.

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Pacific School of Religious Lib. July 28 1924

Crackling

At a lecture, the speaker orated fervently: "He drove straight to his goal. He looked neither to the right nor to the left, but pressed forward, moved by a definite purpose. Neither friend nor foe could delay him, nor turn him from his course. All who crossed his path did so at their own peril. What would you call such a man?"

"A truck driver!" shouted a voice from the audience.—*Forbes' Magazine.*

* *

Little Elinora, age nine, who has recently moved from a distant city, corresponds frequently with Mary, who was her closest chum. A few days ago Elinora received a letter from Mary which said:

"Tell me when your birthday comes, for I want to send you a present. My birthday is next Tuesday."—*Indianapolis News.*

* *

Rastus: "Dat woman jes' talk, talk, talk, night an' day. Ah cain't get no rest and dat talk am drivin' me crazy."

Young Lawyer: "What does she talk about?"

Rastus: "She doan' say."—*Life.*

* *

Marjorie, four, came home from her first visit to a Sunday school.

"What did you do?" asked her mother.

"Oh, we stood up and sat down and sang about tarrying the butter-knife. Mamma, what do they tarry a butter-knife for?"

Her mother discovered that the hymn was "I can tarry, I can tarry but a night."—*Zion's Herald.*

* *

Liza: "I don't want to 'urt you, Nell, but that boy of yours don't seem to be made for this earth some'ow."

Nell: "'E don't? Why not?"

Liza: "Well, 'e seems like as if 'e's all brains, poor kid."—*Passing Show.*

* *

Mr. Greene came home from church wringing wet. "America," he informed his wife, "will be a nobler land to live in when not every American thinks he can keep his religion and somebody else's umbrella."—*Popular Magazine.*

* *

A clerical friend who was persuaded to examine a class in Scripture the other day greatly enjoyed the following howler:

"Why was Joseph let out of prison?" he asked.

"Because he had done his time," was the answer.—*Morning Post.*

* *

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., says love is the greatest thing in the world but it is John's good luck that fond words alone never kept a motor going.—*Detroit News.*

* *

She: "So you crossed the desert in your auto. It must have been an interesting trip."

He: "A bitmonotonous. It's a relief to run into people once in a while."—*Exchange.*

OUR WORLD SERVICE

The earthquake fire in Tokyo stopped at the street-line of our Universalist Church, the buildings across the street remaining unharmed but ours being totally destroyed. A new, modern building must be erected, and of a type that will give every facility for the finest kinds of Christian service.

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